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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS.

Miscellanies, by the Author of 'The Sketch-Book.' No. II. containing *Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey*. London: Murray.

GOLD is a precious thing, but it may be beaten into leaves, and sold by the acre: perfume, too widely scattered, loses its sweet odour; and (to be familiar as well as fantastic in our imagery), a tea-spoonful of Cognac, be it the oldest and most racy ever distilled, makes but "a poor creature of a drink" when diluted with a quart even of the purest spring water. Thus is it with the volume before us—the subject is a capital one; the writer's style, as usual, natural and engaging; but the matter should have been compressed within fifty pages, instead of diffused over two hundred and ninety. There is little which has not been told before, and, we must frankly say, told better—for proof, we need only refer to the letters from Abbotsford, which appeared in our columns some two or three years ago,† and to the 'Byronic Ramble,'‡ published there last autumn, in which (we are praising our contributors, and not ourselves,) Annesley Hall and Newstead are described with a minuteness, a freshness, and a pathos, which leave the present and paler lucubrations of Mr. Irving far behind.

We have either seen, or dreamed of, or between sleeping and waking meditated, a work on the 'Birth-places, Residences, and Tombs of our Poets.' There are few subjects which offer wider scope for speculation, as well as for the exercise of descriptive power. In many—in most cases where the sons of song have not, by unkindly fortune, been driven to the shelter of some wretched garret, or debased to the endurance of the discomforts of a vagabond life—they have stamped the impress of their minds upon the places where they have dwelt—have been architects, or gardeners, or decorators, or collectors, leaving in and around their homes traces of fancy and of feeling, as characteristic as can be found in their immortal works. To note down and describe these *built* thoughts and *planted* imaginations, would surely be a task of no common interest; such traits are too soon swept away by Time, or the tasteless hands of vulgar and irreverent successors. Little of Spenser now remains to us in the weed-grown ruin of Kilcoleman Castle, and Shakspeare's house at Stratford has been swept away altogether, while Milton's is dismantled, and its existence scarcely adverted to, though in the heart of our metropolis! But a minute picture of the outward and inward aspect of these—"the arras thus—the pictures thus"—as they appeared in the days of their occupants, would be worth having. How delightful, for instance, to see Penshurst as it stood in the times of Sydney! or a *restoration* of Hawthornden, as it was when its accomplished master and "rare Ben Jonson" gossiped sharply of their literary contempo-

raries. Do we not know Pope all the better for having an idea of his retreat at Twickenham, with its little lawns, and its grotto, and its trees hanging "quite poetical"? and have we not the whole man of Horace Walpole before us in his toy-villa of Strawberry Hill, with here a morsel of Gothic antiquity—there a memorial of the lively days of De Grammont; in another corner some choice bit of art brought over from Italy? We could run on in this strain of speculation, and talk of the Leasowes, with its Virgil's grove, and its urns and inscriptions, and its cascades, thrust into the midst of all its natural beauty and capability, fit type of Shenstone and his pastoral rhymes—of Cowper's garden and greenhouse, and (coming nearer to our own times) of the parsonages of Bremhill and Hodnet, of Rydal Mount and Elleray, and half a hundred other places besides; but our pen is becoming too vagrant, and we must even rein it in, and return to our subject.

And yet there is little to be drawn from the book before us, with which the public are not already familiar. Of Sir Walter Scott's hospitality and cheerfulness, and his anti-quarian fancies, we knew already as much as Mr. Irving tells us. We had made acquaintance, too, with Johnny Bowers, the sexton of Melrose Abbey, so resolved that the enthusiastic should not be balked of their fancy of visiting it, as prescribed, "by the pale moonlight," that when there was no moon, he showed it off by the light of two candles stuck on the end of a long stick. We had already been told by the Wizard of the North himself, that Andrew Gemmels, the beggar, was the original of the inimitable gaberlunzie, Edie Ochiltree: we knew his love for his native moorland scenery, "and that if he did not see the heather at least once a year, *he should die!*" But here are a few morsels worth extracting; the first, the poet's opinion of Campbell—he was always generous in judging of his contemporaries:—

"What a pity it is," said he, "that Campbell does not write more, and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. He don't know, or won't trust, his own strength. Even when he has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it." "The fact is," added he, "Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

The other two anecdotes show, that in his case the proverb of the "prophet's honour in his own country" might be, with truth, reversed. The first is a little scene at a quarry, where a parcel of men were cutting stones for his "romance in stone and mortar":—

"Among the rest was a tall straight old fellow, with a healthful complexion and silver hair, and a small, round-crowned white hat. He had been about to shoulder a hod, but paused, and

stood looking at Scott, with a slight sparkling of his blue eye, as if waiting his turn: for the old fellow knew himself to be a favourite.

"Scott accosted him in an affable tone, and asked for a pinch of snuff. The old man drew forth a horn snuff-box. 'Hoot, man,' said Scott; 'not that old mull. Where's the bonnie French one that I brought you from Paris?'

"Troth, your honour," replied the old fellow; 'sic a mull as that is nae for week days.'

"On leaving the quarry, Scott informed me that when absent at Paris he had purchased several trifling articles, as presents for his dependents, and, among others, the gay snuff-box in question, which was so carefully reserved for Sundays by the veteran. 'It was not so much the value of the gifts,' said he, 'that pleased them, as the idea that the laird should think of them when so far away.'"

The other anecdote explains itself:—

"Being one time at Glenross, an old woman, who kept a small inn which had but little custom, was uncommonly officious in her attendance upon him, and absolutely incommoded him with her civilities. The secret at length came out. As he was about to depart, she addressed him with many curtsies, and said, she understood he was the gentleman that had written a bonnie book about Loch Katrine: she begged him to write a little about their lake also, for she understood his book had done the inn at Loch Katrine a muckle deal of good."

But we must leave the banks of the Tweed, and come to Newstead. If Abbotsford, with its pinnacles, and oriels, and relics of antiquity, represent the mind of its master and his particular genius, so was Newstead, with its superstitions and its night sounds through the great window of the ruined abbey, and its skulls, and "its old lord's devils" (a few leaden statues in a grove, so nicknamed by the peasantry), a fit home for Byron's scornful and brooding spirit. The spell of the place is dark and saddening, especially as we can now never think of it without recalling the descriptions and notices of it scattered through the poet's works, all full of true (we sometimes suspect his *only* true) feeling, which show how strong a hold the haunts of his early days possessed over his heart, even in his stormiest and most reckless moods. Mr. Irving, of course, tells us of the Byron oak, and the brass eagle fished out of the lake, and the other objects of interest. In this part of the book, too, many well-known characters figure; Nanny Smith, the old house-keeper of the Byrons—Joe Murray, the faithful and free-spoken butler—and the simple-hearted solitary woman who keeps Annesley Hall, so brimful of the remembrances of the past (so touchingly described in the 'Byronic Ramble'). The tale of the Little White Lady, however, is new to us, and will be so to our readers, for which reason we will not extract, or forestall their curiosity by mutilating what we could not give entire. We may just say that it is a strange story of a poor deaf and dumb girl, who haunted the woods and pleasure grounds of Newstead from an intense and almost devotional admiration of the poet's genius, and

† *Athenæum*, Nos. 108, 109.

‡ *Athenæum*, Nos. 355, 356, 357.

its end is tragical. Of Hucknall Torkard, Byron's burying-place, Mr. Irving gives but a scanty notice.

And here our article might close; but, having followed our own fancy in writing it, rather than the established form of criticism, we are tempted to conclude it well by drawing upon Mr. Bulwer's 'Student' for a delightful notice of one of Byron's resting-places during his exile. It is from the paper entitled, 'Lake Leman, and its Associations,' which is so much to our taste, from the spirit in which it is written, that we desire nothing better than that its author would give us further notices of his pilgrimages to the shrines which have been similarly hallowed by the presence of genius.

"The morning after my arrival at the inn, which is placed (a little distance from Geneva,) on the margin of the lake, I crossed to the house which Byron inhabited, and which is almost exactly opposite. The day was calm but gloomy, the waters almost without a ripple. Arrived at the opposite shore, you ascend, by a somewhat rude and steep ascent, to a small village, winding round which, you come upon the gates of the house. On the right-hand side of the road, as you thus enter, is a vineyard, in which, at that time, the grapes hung ripe and clustering. Within the gates are some three or four trees, ranged in an avenue. Descending a few steps, you see in a small court before the door, a rude fountain; it was then dried up—the waters had ceased to play. On either side is a small garden branching from the court, and by the door are rough stone seats. You enter a small hall, and, thence, an apartment containing three rooms. The principal one is charming,—long, and of an oval shape, with carved wainscoting—the windows on three sides of the room command the most beautiful views of Geneva, the lake, and its opposite shores. They open upon a terrace paved with stone; on that terrace how often he must have 'watched with wistful eyes the setting sun!' It was here that he was in ripest maturity of his genius—in the most interesting epoch of his life. He had passed the bridge that severed him from his country, but the bridge was not yet broken down. He had not yet been enervated by the soft south. His luxuries were still of the intellect—his sensualism was yet of nature—his mind had not faded from its youthfulness and vigour—his was yet the season of hope rather than of performance, and the world dreamt more of what he would be than what he had been.

"His works (the Paris edition) were on the table. Himself was everywhere! Near to this room is a smaller cabinet, very simply and rudely furnished. On one side, in a recess, is a bed,—on the other, a door communicates with a dressing-room. Here, I was told, he was chiefly accustomed to write. And what works? 'Manfred,' and the most beautiful stanzas, of the third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' rush at once upon our memory. You now ascend the stairs, and pass a passage, at the end of which is a window, commanding a superb view of the Lake. The passage is hung with some curious but wretched portraits. Francis I., Diana of Poitiers, and Julius Scaliger among the rest. You now enter his bed-room. Nothing can be more homely than the furniture; the bed is in a recess, and in one corner an old walnut-tree bureau, where you may still see written over some of the compartments, 'Letters of Lady B——.' His imaginary life vanishes before this simple label, and all the weariness, and all the disappointment of his real domestic life come sadly upon you. You recall the nine executions in one year—the annoyance and the bickering, and the estrangement, and the gossip

scandal of the world, and the 'Broken Household Gods.' Men may moralize as they will, but misfortunes cause error,—and atone for it."

If we might allow ourselves in further digression, we could quote (as akin to our subject) more from the same paper concerning Ferney and Coppet, and the rocks of Meillerie, and the cradle-walk in which Gibbon walked, when his magnificent labour was completed—but we have already strayed far enough, and must come to an end.

Plato's Apology of Socrates, Crito, and Phaedo. With notes, by C. S. Stanford, A.M., T.C.D. Dublin: Curry; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

DURING two thousand years the wise and good of every enlightened age and nation, have united in their admiration of the three dialogues in which Plato has portrayed the character and opinions of his illustrious master. They are not mere personal sketches of Socrates, they are the records of the first vigorous effort made for the emancipation of human intellect; the picture of mind's earliest and greatest struggle to break the trammels of form and achieve the first conquest in its victorious course. The glory of Socrates is, that he produced, not a system, but a movement—without being a sceptic, he doubted and he taught others to doubt—he disentangled truth from the manacles of symbolism, he inculcated free inquiry both by precept and example; and he laid the first foundations of moral philosophy—the philosophy of life and action. Plato seems scarcely to have appreciated the severe simplicity of his master's character: the strong common sense of Socrates is sometimes overwhelmed by the gorgeous imagery and metaphysical subtleties in which the founder of Ideal Philosophy loved to indulge. Indeed, the principal difficulties of these dialogues arise from the discrepancy between the hero and the author: the philosophy of the former was purely practical, that of the latter as purely speculative; and the blending of the two naturally produced some inconsistency and more obscurity. It is fortunate that such a work has fallen into the hands of an editor possessing the varied acquirements requisite for its illustration. Mere scholarship is the least of Mr. Stanford's merits; he possesses a high sense of moral beauty, and an intimate familiarity with the mazes of metaphysical investigation. No grammatical difficulty is left unsolved, but the portions in which the editor rises above verbal criticism, and interprets the principles of the Platonic philosophy in all their strength and in all their weakness, deserve the warmest approbation. The discoveries of modern philosophy have rarely been applied with so much ability to illustrate the doctrines taught in the most celebrated school of Athens. The life of Plato and the sketch of his system, prefixed to the dialogues, may be profitably studied, even by the general reader; they are, perhaps, too brief, but they are accurate, and the outline of Plato's philosophy is quite sufficient to explain its nature and purpose. It has rarely been our fortune to meet a classical work so ably edited as these dialogues; they are equally valuable to the scholar and to the philosopher, and both will derive pleasure and profit from Mr. Stanford's labours.

Second Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions. By Capt. Ross, R.N. 4to., with numerous plates.

[Second Notice.]

OUR former notice brought down the narrative to June 1830, when Commander Ross returned from the exploring excursion in which he succeeded in reaching within 200 miles of Cape Turnagain. The summer was now advancing, but it came slowly and reluctantly. The snow, however, began to melt, deer and hares were occasionally seen, and water-fowl began to pass to the northward in considerable numbers; but even so late as the 25th July, Captain Ross observes, "we could see no clear sea from the top of the highest hill; the whole visible surface was a compact mass of ice." It was not, indeed, till the very last day in August, when only about four weeks of this equivocal summer remained, that he thought it prudent to haul the ship into an adjoining pool, to be prepared for the breaking up of the ice, and it was not until the 17th September that they got once more into clear water, and fairly under sail.

"Under sail! (exclaims the Captain), we scarcely knew how we felt, or whether we quite believed it. He must be a seaman, to feel that the vessel which bounds beneath him, which listens to and obeys the smallest movement of his hand, which seems to move but under his will, is a thing of life, a mind conforming to his wishes; not an inert body, the sport of winds and waves. But what seaman could feel this as we did, when this creature, which used to carry us buoyantly over the ocean, had been during an entire year immovable as the ice and the rocks around it, helpless, disobedient, dead. It seemed to have revived again to a new life; it once more obeyed us, did whatever we desired; and, in addition to all, we too were free."

Having ascertained from the natives that the land they had seen, and named Boothia, was, in fact, a part of the continent of America, and Commander Ross having tested the general accuracy of their report, by various exploring excursions, it had been determined to seek for a passage by a more northern latitude. The progress, however, was soon put a stop to by contrary winds, and they were again obliged to seek shelter. Here they were soon beset with ice, and on the 30th September, the anniversary of the day on which they took up their winter quarters in the preceding year; in fact, after a whole summer of exertion, they had only got three miles! Now, observes the Captain—

"The whole sea was covered with ice. There was no longer, therefore, occasion either to hope or fear: and there was an end to all anxiety at least. The agitation under which we had so long laboured had subsided into the repose of absolute certainty. Our winter prison was before us; and all that we had now to do, was to reach it, set up our amphibious house, and, with one foot on sea and one on shore, 'take patience to ourselves.'"

But to reach their "winter prison" required extraordinary exertion; every effort was now made to cut a way through the ice; but, after labouring through the whole month of October, the progress had been only 850 feet! and the ice was now so thick that they were compelled to rest content in their position. On the whole, however, Captain Ross was satisfied with it, from its being "so much farther north" than the harbour in which they last wintered—adding,

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three miles as a great space gained; but when it is recollected that we were a month navigating scarcely three hundred yards, and that the lucky chance of being present when and where the ice opens, be that but for an hour or two, may turn the balance between a free escape and a winter's imprisonment in this 'thick-ribbed ice,' even two miles were a subject of congratulation."

Seeing that another winter, or, rather, for it appears to be the same thing, another year of imprisonment was before them, it became necessary to house the ship, build the embankments, regulate the expenditure and nature of their diet, and make all due preparations. Of the value of life in such a situation we are forcibly reminded by an expressive entry in the journal on December the 14th.

"On this and many other days we tracked animals and did not see them; carried guns and did not fire; watched for the invisible sun that we might at least know it was still in existence; and were not sorry when (I cannot say the day was done, where all was night)—but when we might at least end another of our own days by going to bed."

On another occasion, and when speaking of the Esquimaux, he observes—

"Such, nevertheless, is the climate in which man contrives to live, and, as we had no right to dispute, happily. He cannot drink water at Midsommer, it is true, till he has boiled his snow; and had he not wit enough to produce fire, he would have nothing to drink for nine months of the year. He smells at no flowers, for there are none to smell at; but he prefers the odour of train oil. He has no carrots or 'small herbs,' for his soup or his seasoning; but his soup and his seasoning are, alike, oil, and he can find a salad, when his luck is particularly great, in the stomach of a reindeer; and that salad too, cooked in a heat of which the advantages have never been disputed. If he never saw that utterly inconceivable thing called a tree, what matters it, when he can construct couches of fish, and splinter bars of bones? and if he can make his lodging, not merely 'on the cold ground,' but on the cold snow, his fare at least is not 'hard,' and why if he thinks so, is he not as well lodged as the princes of the earth, the marble of whose palaces does not approach in purity to the materials of his architecture, while his own marble house is erected in an hour, and can be renewed, like that of Aladdin, at every hour of the day, in any place that he will? Man must be a noble animal, that is certain, be he even under the figure and bearing of a Boethian Esquimaux: is there another beast on earth that could do all this, endure all this, contrive all this, conform to all this, to all this and more, and still be happy: happy if he is in Naples, happy too in Boethia Felix?"

It is not very extraordinary that men, under such circumstances, should have recourse to what the Captain calls "schoolboy experiments," and accordingly we find it noted down on one occasion, that they fired a ball of frozen mercury through an inch plank, and on another, that they froze oil of almonds in a shot mould, at minus 40°, and fired it against a target, which it split, rebounding unbroken.

On the 21st of April [1831] they were again visited by some of their former acquaintances, who had wintered in another part of the country. Their friend Tiagashu had, it appeared, died during their absence; but, said their informant, his widow immediately obtained a new husband, "because she had five children." "Here," continues the Captain, "the five children were a com-

modity of price, a great fortune, a source of profit instead of loss, and of happiness instead of vexation and torment. Even at eight they begin to be serviceable: in a few years they are able to maintain more than themselves; and when the parents are old, be they step-children, or entirely and absolutely adopted, as is also here the usage, it is on them that the helpless aged depend for that support which is a matter of course," significantly adding, "There are no poor-rates in this country."

But we must now give an abridged report of Commander Ross's excursion to the magnetic pole; observing, that on this occasion he was joined by a native, with a new fashioned and somewhat curious sledge:—

"It was of the shape of an ordinary one, but made entirely of ice, runners and all, and while very neatly made, having a most delicate appearance. Being transparent, it seemed indeed to be a sledge of crystal, while it was strong enough to bear the weight of all the stores which the owner had heaped on it."

The route taken on this occasion lay across the Peninsula, and brought them, as on the excursion noticed last week, to Cape Isabella, which may be considered as nearly the eastern point of the western sea. On the former occasion, Commander Ross pushed his inquiries along the southern coast, and he now resolved, directed by a series of magnetic observations made at their winter quarters, to devote his attention to the northern, in the hope of discovering that mysterious spot the magnetic pole. We shall take up his narrative from the encampment for the night, in latitude 69° 34' 45", and longitude 94° 54' 23" west, where it was ascertained that the magnetic dip had increased to 89° 41' north, and the north end of the horizontal needle pointed to north 57° west.

"By means of these observations (says Captain Ross), I was enabled to determine both the direction in which we must proceed, and the distance that lay between us and the great object in view, as far at least as this latter could be made out through our instruments and the calculations founded on what they had indicated. I need not say how thankful I was for this fortunate, if temporary, clearing of the weather, since it thus placed us in the right track, and served to encourage even the weary and the ailing, by showing them that the end of their toils was not far off. * * *

"The coast from this place took a western direction, and we proceeded along a low shore of limestone, ending a walk, rendered unusually laborious by the inefficiency of two of the men, in latitude 69° 40' 27", and longitude 95° 22' 35" west. * * *

"Having at length completed a direct distance of about twelve miles, we halted, at eight in the morning of the thirtieth of May in latitude 69° 46' 25", and longitude 95° 49' 11" west. At half-after nine in the evening we again set out: but a thick haze, accompanied by occasional showers of snow, compelled me to lead the party along all the windings and indentations of the coast, that I might perform the remainder of that survey which, under such weather, I could execute in no other manner. * * We encamped at eight in the morning of the thirty-first, having completed thirteen miles.

"We were now within fourteen miles of the calculated position of the magnetic pole; and my anxiety, therefore, did not permit me to do or endure anything which might delay my arrival at the long-wished-for spot. I resolved, in consequence, to leave behind the greater part of our baggage and provisions, and to take onwards

nothing more than was strictly necessary, lest bad weather or other accidents should be added to delay, or lest unforeseen circumstances, still more untoward, should deprive me entirely of the high gratification which I could not but look to in accomplishing this most desired object.

"We commenced, therefore, a rapid march, comparatively disencumbered as we now were; and, persevering with all our might, we reached the calculated place at eight in the morning of the first of June. I believe I must leave it to others to imagine the elation of mind with which we found ourselves now at length arrived at this great object of our ambition: it almost seemed as if we had accomplished everything that we had come so far to see and to do; as if our voyage and all its labours were at an end, and that nothing now remained for us but to return home and be happy for the rest of our days. They were after-thoughts which told us that we had much yet to endure and much to perform, and they were thoughts which did not then intrude; could they have done so, we should have cast them aside, under our present excitement: we were happy, and desired to remain so as long as we could.

"The land at this place is very low near the coast, but it rises into ridges of fifty or sixty feet high about a mile inland. We could have wished that a place so important had possessed more of mark or note. It was scarcely censurable to regret that there was not a mountain to indicate a spot to which so much of interest must ever be attached; and I could even have pardoned any one among us who had been so romantic or absurd as to expect that the magnetic pole was an object as conspicuous and mysterious as the fabled mountain of Sindbad, that it even was a mountain of iron, or a magnet as large as Mont Blanc. But Nature had here erected no monument to denote the spot which she had chosen as the centre of one of her great and dark powers; and where we could do little ourselves towards this end, it was our business to submit, and to be content in noting by mathematical numbers and signs, as with things of far more importance in the terrestrial system, what we could but ill distinguish in any other manner.

"We were, however, fortunate in here finding some huts of Esquimaux, that had not long been abandoned. Unconscious of the value which not only we, but all the civilized world, attached to this place, it would have been a vain attempt on our part to account to them for our delight, had they been present. It was better for us that they were not; since we thus took possession of their works, and were thence enabled to establish our observations with the greater ease; encamping at six in the evening on a point of land about half a mile to the westward of those abandoned snow houses.

"The necessary observations were immediately commenced, and they were continued throughout this and the greater part of the following day. Of these, the details for the purposes of science have been since communicated to the Royal Society; as a paper containing all that philosophers require on the subject has now also been printed in their Transactions. I need not therefore repeat them here, even had it not been the plan of the whole of this volume to refer every scientific matter which had occurred to Captain Ross and myself, to a separate work, under the name of an appendix.

"But it will gratify general curiosity to state the most conspicuous results in a simple and popular manner. The place of the observatory was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping needle, was 89° 59', being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed

by the action, or rather by the total inaction of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed: a fact, which even the most moderately informed of readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any.

"As soon as I had satisfied my own mind on this subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then, that amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory, in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth. We had abundance of materials for building, in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach; and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister, containing a record of the interesting fact: only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and of the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satisfy our ambition, under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$, and its longitude $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ west."

Commander Ross and his party got back to the ship about the middle of June. It must be needless for us further to notice the tedious uniformity of every day and every month; Captain Ross observes—

"There were evils of cold, and evils of hunger, and evils of toil; and though we did not die nor lose our limbs, as men have done in those lands, we had to share with the rest of the world, those evils of petty sickness which are sufficiently grievous while they exist, though they make but a small figure in the history of life, and would make a much smaller one in that of such an expedition as ours. Had we not also undergone abundance of anxiety and care; of the sufferings of disappointed hope; of more than all this, and of not less than all, those longings after our far-distant friends and our native land, from which who that has voyaged far from that home and those friends has ever been exempt? And who more than we, to whom it could not but often have occurred, that we might never again see those friends and that home? Yet was there a pain even beyond all this; and that grievance seldom ceased. We were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of the means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and (why should I not say it?) for want of society. To-day was as yesterday, and as was to-day, so would be to-morrow."

It was not till the 29th of August that they were once again liberated from their ice-bound prison:—

"The ship was now warped a quarter of a mile to the south-west, into a convenient place for taking advantage of the first opening. As soon as this was done, we got under sail, but, unfortunately carrying away the mizen boom, could not weather a piece of ice. She was thus brought about by it, and equally failed in weathering a large iceberg on the other tack, which was grounded; by which means she took the ground herself. We soon, however, hove her off by hawsers to the shore; and though her bottom did not prove to be damaged, the lower rudder iron was broken, so that there was an end to our progress for this day.

"Early in the morning the rudder was repaired, and the wind remained steady and strong at west, with occasional snow. It was the very wind that we wanted; and, after much doubt

and anxiety, we felt that we were at last liberated: liberated, however, not yet free. We cast off, therefore, soon after four, and, with a reefed topsail, stood for the islands through what appeared to be loose ice. Unluckily, when about two-thirds over, the wind came to the north-west, and we were unable to fetch within a mile to the eastward of them; after which, shifting to the north, with a snow squall, it brought the ice down along the north shore. We were therefore obliged to ply to windward, in which we derived much assistance from our new leeboards. At nine it backed again to the north-west, and we were soon close in shore, after having run four miles.

"We had passed two bays, and two remarkable rocks, when, at one, a heavy shower of snow coming on, we were obliged to haul our wind, and stand in for a little bay; where a baffling breeze nearly laid us on the rocks, and the weather shortly began to threaten for a storm."

And this was the whole progress of the third summer! In a few days "nothing was visible to the northward but one vast sheet of ice, pressed up into hummocks, extending round to the western bay, and completely blocking up our late harbour. It seemed therefore," says the Captain, "as if we had just got out of it in time, whether it should be our fate to get any further or not. . . . It was impossible to expect any further progress under such a mass and weight of winter as that which surrounded us: even in a much better one, it was not to have been expected. The worst part of the prospect, however, was the distant one; it seemed likely that the ship would never be extricated, and that we should be compelled to abandon her, with all that was on board. . . . On the men, the effect was tangible, because it was simple. When we first moved from our late harbour, every man looked forward to his three years' wages, his return to England, and his meeting with friends and family; the depression of their spirits was now proportionate."

Now began again the old labour of preparing for the coming winter, and then the winter itself, too uniform to require observation. It may, however, be thought worthy of notice, that on Christmas day they had for dinner "a round of beef which had been in the *Fury's* stores for eight years, and which, with some real and some vegetables, was as good as the day on which it was cooked."

"I know not," says Captain Ross, "whether the preservation of this meat, thus secured, be interminable or not; but what we brought home is now, in 1835, as good as when it went out from the hands of the maker, or whatever be his designation, the *Gastronome* for eternity in short, in 1823."

On the 10th January 1832, one of the crew, who had been long ailing, died; soon after, another, who had previously had an attack of epilepsy, became blind; and, indeed, says the Captain, "Our medical report began to be very different from what it had hitherto been. All were much enfeebled; and there was a good deal of ailment without any marked diseases."

Though no direct mention is made of their having yet come to a determination to abandon the ship, such resolution may be inferred from scattered notices. Even so early as the 12th October, it is said, "The unrigging and stowing on shore went on, and a chain was passed twice round the vessel 'a midships.'"

It was our intention to sink the vessel, or rather, as she must sink in no long time, in consequence of her leaks, to provide the means of raising her again, should any vessel hereafter return to the place where she was thus deposited, in safety equally from winds, waves, ice, and Esquimaux." Again, at the end of February, "the thickness of the ice round the ship was such as to prevent all hopes of her liberation, even though we should continue with her, which was impossible, from the state of our provisions and that of the health of the crew."

Early in April they began to make preparations for their departure. It was decided to proceed to a certain distance with a stock of provisions and boats, and there to deposit them, for the purpose of advancing more rapidly afterwards. The dragging and carrying these over the rough ice was, as may be imagined, an all but intolerable labour, and the sailors once proposed to the captain to abandon the boats altogether, but this was overruled. To give the reader an insight into these difficulties, we quote the following:—

"We began our march early, this day, with the second boat, and with the provision sledge, alternately, in spite of a very annoying wind, with snow-drift; reaching the advanced boat of yesterday, and then carrying the whole a little way further, till eight, when we were obliged to house ourselves as on the first day of this journey. Our meat was so hard frozen that we were obliged to cut it with a saw, and could only afford to thaw it by putting it into our warm cocoa: we could not spare fuel for both purposes. A strong gale with a snow drift nearly covered our hut in a short time, and we had the greater mortification of finding ourselves obstructed by a ridge of rocks jutting into the sea, on which the ice had accumulated to the height of fifty feet. . . .

"We could not proceed on the following day, in consequence of another gale; and as this became worse on Sunday, we decided on securing the boats and returning to the ship, as the wind was behind us, and could thus be encountered with little hazard. We reached the huts that we had first built, in the evening; and, on the following day, having concealed a store of provisions there, as we had done at the former place, succeeded in returning to the ship about noon. The total result of this journey was, that we had walked a hundred and ten miles, and had advanced, in real distance, but eighteen; while it would be necessary to go over this space three times more, before everything could be even thus far advanced in a journey which was destined ultimately to be three hundred miles, though the direct one was only one hundred and eighty."

On the 29th May they finally abandoned their vessel, directing their route, in the first instance, to *Fury* beach, in the hope of obtaining provisions, &c.

"We had now secured everything on shore which could be of use to us in case of our return, or which, if we did not, would prove of use to the natives. The colours were therefore hoisted and nailed to the mast, we drank a parting glass to our poor ship, and having seen every man out, in the evening, I took my own adieu of the *Victory*, which had deserved a better fate. It was the first vessel that I had ever been obliged to abandon, after having served in thirty-six, during a period of forty-two years. It was like the last parting with an old friend; and I did not pass the point where she ceased to be visible without stopping to take a sketch of this melancholy desert, rendered more melancholy

by the solitary, abandoned, helpless home of our past years, fixed in immovable ice, till time should perform on her his usual work."

On the 1st of July they encamped on Fury beach, having been obliged to carry one of the party for the last day or two. Here they erected a rude sort of house, and proceeded to repair the boats of the *Fury*. On the 1st of August the ice broke up; the boats were now stored with provisions for two months, with bedding, and other needful things, and they started on their voyage. They pursued their course with varying fortune; but eventually they succeeded, though not till the middle of September, in reaching the junction of Barrow's strait and Prince Regent's inlet; here, however, they found a continuous solid mass of ice, which gave no hope of its breaking up at this late period of the season; and, after all their exertions, they were compelled to secure their boats in Batty's bay, and once more to return to Fury beach for another winter, or rather, another year; seemingly, indeed, for ever!

The winter passed much in the same way as the preceding. On the 10th Feb. [1833] the carpenter died; indeed, says the Captain, "the impossibility of taking exercise, added to a want of sufficient employment, short allowance of food, and the inevitable lowness of spirits produced by the unbroken sight of this dull, melancholy, uniform, waste of snow and ice, combined to reduce us all to a state of very indifferent health. Mr. Thom was ill, my old wounds were very troublesome, and two of the seamen were so far gone in the scurvy, that we were afraid they would not recover."

In April they again began to prepare for their future journey and voyage. By the end of June they had advanced their tents and stores some thirty miles. On the 8th July everything was ready, "and we prepared," says Captain Ross, "to quit this dreary place, as we hoped, for ever. Yet, with those hopes, there were mingled many fears; enough to render it still but too doubtful in all our minds, whether we might not yet be compelled to return; to return once more to despair, and perhaps to return but to die."

They were, however, incumbered with three sick men who could not walk at all—unfortunately, the three heaviest men in the crew; others there were who could barely walk, but could give no assistance in drawing the sledges. On the 12th they reached their boats in Batty's bay. Here every change of breeze, every shower of rain, every movement of the ice, became a source of anxious solicitude:—

"On the 14th August, a lane of water was for the first time seen, leading to the northward; and not many, I believe, slept, under the anticipations of what the next day might bring. On this, all were employed in cutting the ice which obstructed the shore, as early as four o'clock in the morning; and the tide having risen soon after, with a fine westerly breeze, we launched the boats, embarked the stores and the sick, and, at eight o'clock, were under way."

"We really were under way at last; and it was our business to forget that we had been in the same circumstances, the year before, in the same place; to feel that the time for exertion was now come, and those exertions to be at length rewarded; to exchange hope for certainty, and to see, in the mind's eye, the whole strait open before us, and our little fleet sailing with a

fair wind through that bay which was now, in our views, England and home."

"We soon rounded the north cape of Batty bay, and, finding a lane of water, crossed Elwin's bay at midnight; reaching, on the 16th, that spot to the north of it where we had pitched our tents on the 28th of August in the preceding year. I know not if all were here quite free of recollections to damp our new hopes. The difference in time was but twelve days; and should those days pass as they had done in the former, it might still be our fate to return to our last winter's home, and there to end our toils as it was but too easy to anticipate; the first whose fortune it should be, in a frozen grave, and the last in the maws of bears and foxes."

"We found here no passage to the eastward, but the lane of water still extended towards the north; so that our stay was of no longer duration than was indispensable for rest. As we proceeded, the open water increased in breadth; and, at eight in the evening, we reached our former position at the north-eastern cape of America. A view from the hill here, showed that the ice to the northward and north-eastward was in such a state as to admit of sailing through it; but as it blew too hard to venture among it in the night, we pitched our tents for rest."

"At three in the morning we embarked once more, leaving an additional note of our proceedings, in the same place where the former was concealed. It was calm, and we held on to the eastward by rowing, until, at noon, we reached the edge of the packed ice, through many streams of floating pieces; when we found that its extremity was but a mile to the northward. A southerly breeze then springing up, enabled us to round it: when, finding the water open, we stood on through it, and reached the eastern shore of the strait at three in the afternoon. In a few hours we had at length effected that for which we had formerly waited in vain so many days, and which, it is likely, could not have been effected in any of the years that we had been imprisoned in this country."

"Accustomed as we were to the ice, to its caprices, and to its sudden and unexpected alterations, it was a change like that of magic, to find that solid mass of ocean which was but too fresh in our memories, which we had looked at for so many years as if it was fixed for ever in a repose which nothing could hereafter disturb, suddenly converted into water; navigable, and navigable to us, who had almost forgotten what it was to float at freedom on the seas. It was at times scarcely to be believed: and he who dozed to awake again, had for a moment to renew the conviction that he was at length a seaman on his own element, that his boat once more rose on the waves beneath him, and that when the winds blew, it obeyed his will and his hand."

They struggled on for some days, sleeping on shore, when, on the 26th, the look-out man gave notice of a sail in the offing:—

"No time was lost: the boats were launched, and signals made by burning wet powder; when, completing our embarkation, we left our little harbour at six o'clock. Our progress was tedious, owing to alternate calms, and light airs blowing in every direction; yet we made way towards the vessel, and had it remained calm where she was, should soon have been alongside. Unluckily, a breeze just then sprang up, and she made all sail to the south-eastward; by which means the boat that was foremost was soon left astern, while the other two were steering more to the eastward, with the hopes of cutting her off."

"About ten o'clock we saw another sail to the northward, which appeared to be lying to for her boats; thinking, at one time, when she hove to, that she had seen us. That, however, proved not to be the case, as she soon bore up under all sail. In no long time it was apparent that she was fast leaving us; and it was the most anxious

moment that we had yet experienced, to find that we were near to no less than two ships, either of which would have put an end to all our fears and all our toils, and that we should probably reach neither."

"It was necessary, however, to keep up the courage of the men, by assuring them, from time to time, that we were coming up with her; when, most fortunately, it fell calm, and we really gained so fast, that, at eleven o'clock we all saw her heave to with all sails aback, and lower down a boat, which rowed immediately towards our own."

"She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us, by presuming that we had met with some misfortune and lost our ship. This being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board, I was answered that it was 'the *Isabella* of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross;' on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the crew of the *Victory*. That the mate, who commanded this boat, was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while, with the usual blunderheadedness of men on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead two years. I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to consider, that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable evidence of our being 'true men, and not impostors,' on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style, and, after a few natural inquiries, he added that the *Isabella* was commanded by Captain Humphreys; when he immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board; repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England."

"As we approached slowly after him, to the ship, he jumped up the side, and in a minute the rigging was manned; while we were saluted with three cheers as we came within cable's length, and were not long in getting on board of my old vessel, where we were all received by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome."

"Though we had not been supported by our names and characters, we should not the less have claimed, from charity, the attentions that we received, for never was seen a more miserable-looking set of wretches; while, that we were but a repulsive-looking people, none of us could doubt. If, to be poor, wretchedly poor, as far as all our present property was concerned, was to have a claim on charity, no one could well deserve it more; but if, to look so, to be frightened away the so called charitable, no beggar that wanders in Ireland could have outdone us in exciting the repugnance of those who have not known what poverty can be. Unshaven since I know not when, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beast instead of the tatters of civilization, and starved to the very bones, our gaunt and grim looks, when contrasted with those of the well-dressed and well-fed men around us, made us all feel, I believe, for the first time, what we really were, as well as what we seemed to others. Poverty is without half its mark, unless it be contrasted with wealth: and what we might have known to be true in the past days, we had forgotten to think of, till we were thus reminded of what we truly were, as well as seemed to be."

"But the ludicrous soon took place of all other feelings; in such a crowd and such confusion, all serious thought was impossible, while the new buoyancy of our spirits made us abundantly willing to be amused by the scene which now opened. Every man was hungry and was

to be fed, all were ragged and were to be clothed, there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance. All, everything, too, was to be done at once; it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating, all intermingled; it was all the materials of each jumbled together; while, in the midst of all, there were interminable questions to be asked and answered on all sides; the adventures of the *Victory*, our own escapes, the politics of England, and the news which was now four years old. But all subsided into peace at last. The sick were accommodated, the seamen disposed of, and all was done, for all of us, which care and kindness could perform. Night at length brought quiet and serious thoughts; and I trust there was not one man among us who did not then express, where it was due, his gratitude for that interposition which had raised us all from a despair which none could now forget, and had brought us from the very borders of a not distant grave, to life and friends and civilization.

"Long accustomed, however, to a cold bed on the hard snow or the bare rock, few could sleep amid the comfort of our new accommodations. I was myself compelled to leave the bed which had been kindly assigned me, and take my abode in a chair for the night, nor did it fare much better with the rest. It was for time to reconcile us to this sudden and violent change, to break through what had become habit, and to inure us once more to the usages of our former days."

Thus ends this strange eventful history; for the rest is well known. We have not stopped in the narrative to offer one word of comment, but may do so hereafter. It is only necessary to add, that all scientific observations have been reserved for the Appendix, to be published at some future period.

Transfusion. By the late William Godwin, Jun.; with a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by his Father. 3 vols. London: Macrone.

This is a remarkable book; and it stands out in as distinct a relief from among the novels generally current at present, as a cedar with its black green foliage amid a plantation of commoner trees. The family spirit—the same which suggested the glorious novel of 'St. Leon,' and the wilder legend of 'Frankenstein,' is to be traced in every page. Like those novels, it is based upon a conception original and extravagant; its characters and scenes are wrought out with a stern vigour, which lays hold of the reader's mind at once, and holds it captive till the tale is told. In style, however, it is more turgid than its original models; and on the whole it so closely reminds us of the thrilling fictions by Brockden Brown, (though perhaps hardly equal to them,) that we could easily fancy it to be an early, or a posthumous work, from the hand of the author of 'Wieland' and 'Edgar Huntley.'

Perhaps too much merit has been given to the *prima intenzione* of novels of this class; or, to be more exact, the praise for originality, which belongs to the first, has been injudiciously extended to its followers. To us, it seems, that the fountain having been once discovered, there could be no very great difficulty in drawing a second draught from it;—that the romancer, having once said to himself "I will base events of striking and superhuman interest upon the mysterious workings of the mind," had nothing to do but lengthen the train of such works *ad in-*

finium, with the wonders of superstition and physical science before him as materials of which to build his strange and striking handy-works. This, however, is merely put forth as an incidental remark, and not with any intention of disparaging the tale before us; on the contrary, we were thoroughly carried away by the story, and can recommend it as the last of a class, which, though open to objection and criticism, at all events possesses the redeeming merit of exciting a powerful and enchaining interest.

The plot of the story is, as may be expected, singular and involved. Two orphans, a brother and sister, whose mother had contrived to remove herself out of the reach, and even cognizance, of a cruel and brutal husband, are for a time adopted by an uncle, who quits them for an inadequate cause—a quarrel between himself and his female ward,—and tells them they shall see him no more. They resolve, however, to search him out, and, on their way to Geneva for that purpose, fall in with a French cavalier, the Count de Mara, who becomes desperately enamoured of Madeline; and whose elaborate schemes to obtain possession of her, form one of the hinges on which the story turns. The other is of a less common nature: Albert, the boy, is deaf, and De Mara, by a subtle train of reasoning, determines that if the sense of hearing could be given to him, he would be rendered less dependent upon his sister, and in the rush of new sensations and ideas, which would engage his attention, the two would be separated in interest, and the maiden thereby be more likely to be subdued, as the great obstacle lay in her brother's watchfulness, and the large share of her thoughts and cares occupied by him. With this diabolical motive at heart, he performs a seeming deed of benevolence—recommends an operation, which proves successful; and Albert hears. He is taken to a concert, and imbued with a thousand new and delightful impressions by the sound of music; but, in proportion as it strikes upon an ear the edge of whose keenness has not been taken off by familiarity with the coarse sounds of every-day life, so does it carry him to a further pitch of ecstasy than is reached by common and less singularly circumstanced listeners; he is led from one spiritual reverie to another, till at length he comes upon the secret whence the tale derives its name, that of the transfusion of souls. Allowing for the first impossibility, this part of the story is finely conceived and wrought out, and possesses a strong psychological interest; whether De Mara succeeds in his demoniac purpose or not, and how the boy applies the wonderful knowledge he has acquired, we shall not tell: we have only given the above analysis, because, from the nature of the tale, and the state of our columns, we could not find an available extract; and wish to direct our readers to the book, as one unlike its competitors, and likely to interest many among them. It is prefaced by a short memoir of the author.

India, its State and Prospects. By Edward Thornton, Esq. London: Parbury, Allen, & Co.

Mr. Thornton "has done the state some service," by publishing this very able view of the political situation, and commercial resources of British India. He has digested

and arranged the most important parts of the vast mass of evidence collected by the parliamentary committees, previous to the passing of the late act, "for effecting an arrangement with the East India Company, and for the better government of his Majesty's Indian territories,"—an act which must hereafter mark an important era in the history of the East. Passing over his preliminary historical sketch, we shall briefly direct attention to those portions of his work, which more immediately interest Great Britain, both as a mercantile and a governing country.

Government.—Mr. Thornton is an ardent admirer of the Company's government, and considers that the transfer of the patronage possessed by the court of Directors to the British ministry, or parliamentary commissioners, would be equally injurious to the people of England and the people of India. He disapproves of the plan pursued by Mr. Wynn, of giving writerships, as a reward for literary merit, to students in our universities and great schools; but he takes no notice of the modification of that plan, proposed by many of the persons best acquainted with India, namely, bestowing a certain number of these appointments, annually, on young men distinguished for their attainments in oriental languages and literature. With more justice he condemns the system of examination pursued at the India House, in which success depends on relative instead of absolute merit. One fourth of the candidates must be accepted, and three-fourths must be rejected; consequently, success depends upon chance more than upon industry or ability. Mr. Thornton disapproves of the College at Haileybury, declaring that the average number of pupils cannot for the future be expected to exceed that of the professors and assistant professors; we think, however, that its abolition would be a hazardous experiment, until provision is made for affording instruction in the oriental languages and literature, by one or more of our national institutions.

Agriculture.—Now that the restrictions on the residence of Europeans in India have been abolished, Mr. Thornton thinks, that an inexhaustible field is opened for the employment of British skill and capital. The agricultural capabilities of Hindústan can scarcely be exceeded; but prejudice, ignorance and poverty have prevented the resources of that vast peninsula from being developed. Cotton might be raised to an indefinite extent: but the native will not incur the trouble and expense of clearing the ground, selecting good seed, cleaning the crop, or carefully packing for transit. So far from being surprised at the higher price borne by American cotton, we should rather wonder that Indian cotton has not been wholly driven out of the market; and the fact of its maintaining its ground, is a clear proof, that with better management it might be raised to a level with the cotton of the West. Silk promises to be a valuable article of Indian commerce, but no attention is paid to the selection of the best trees for the silk-worms. The cultivation of Indigo has been greatly improved by the application of British skill and capital, but the supply is now beyond the demand, and consequently this branch of industry is scarcely capable of extension. Sugar would probably become the most important article of Indian produce, only that its cultivation is impeded by the enormous

duty of more than thirty per cent. imposed upon it, in addition to that paid upon sugar produced in any other part of the British dominions.

Foreign Trade.—The opium trade between Bengal and China, is the most important branch of Indian commerce; indeed, the opium very nearly pays for all the tea consumed in Britain. Recently a trade, gradually increasing in value, has been opened with Ava through Arracan, and the Burmese have begun to consume British goods. The Irrawaddy and the other Burmese rivers have never yet been carefully examined, but if "The Golden Foot" could be conciliated, we think, that the territories of Birman, Siam, &c. would be found to afford great and available facilities for the extension of commerce. The trade by the Indus with central Asia, is increasing still more rapidly; the Russians no longer enjoy a monopoly of the markets of Cabul, and through this *entrepôt* British and Indian goods are now regularly transmitted to Bokhara. The establishment of a consular agency at Cabul, and of annual fairs on our north-western frontiers, recommended by Lieut. Burnes, seems to promise immense advantages both to India and England.

Public Works—Means of Communication.—The British rulers of India have done little for the improvement of the country, by laying out roads and erecting bridges. Their attention, however, has been recently directed to the subject, and several public works of great importance are contemplated. We have too recently investigated the subject of steam-communication with India, to enter upon the question now: Mr. Thornton believes, that the advantages resulting from its adoption are at best precarious; but he deems the Red Sea the most practicable of the proposed routes.

Religion and Morals.—Mr. Thornton uses a sombre pencil: he describes the Hindu superstitions as the most degrading that can be imagined, and the state of morals, especially in the profligate disregard of truth, as almost without a parallel. He adds, however, that the dawn of improvement is discernible, and he justly attributes this to the advancement of knowledge, and the increasing diffusion of education. One gratifying proof of the effect that education has had in breaking down the prejudices, by which the Hindus were so long fettered, deserves to be quoted:—

"Some of the students, who have completed their education in the Hindoo college and other institutions, are in the habit of holding debating societies, where they discuss topics of considerable importance in the English language, and read lectures and essays of their own composition upon various literary and scientific subjects. At one of the meetings above-mentioned the question was, 'Whether posthumous fame be a rational principle of human action or not?' It is true, that the debate soon branched off into a consideration of the possibility and probability of human perfection; but the orators spoke with remarkable fluency, quoting Gibbon, Hume, Reid, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Shakspeare, Milton, &c. The forms of similar meetings in England were imitated: and the chairman having inquired the reason of the secretary's absence, a loud cry of 'Persecution!' was raised, and it was explained that he was prevented by his father, who was afraid that his principles of paganism should be corrupted in consequence of the other members being deists. Thus has the be-

ginning of a most wonderful change been worked among a race, who for a long time were considered as sunk in a hopeless state of ignorance and the blindest idolatry. I should have mentioned before, that one of the young Hindoos in question being called upon at the police to swear, as usual, on the waters of the Ganges, declined, averring, that he should just as soon swear by the waters of the Nile."

We have also been informed, that it is not unusual to find natives, both in Bombay and Calcutta, well acquainted with Shakspeare and Milton, and apparently able to appreciate their beauties.

The Judicial System.—Mr. Thornton investigates the judicial system of India with great ability, but it would be impossible to follow him, without extending this article to an inconvenient length. We shall only notice the great improvement of substituting English for Persian, in our courts of justice. The latter language was introduced, by the successors of Baber, into all public transactions, as a badge of their sovereignty; it was frequently not understood, by judge, plaintiff, or defendant, and its use rendered necessary the employment of a set of legal harpies, who were the greatest scourge of Hindustan.

Revenue.—Under this head Mr. Thornton enters into a very laboured, but not a very successful vindication of the financial system established in British India. He recommends some changes, which would certainly be improvements, but we regard the whole as unsound, and contrary to the first principles of economical science. As, however, several opportunities of investigating this subject are likely to present themselves, we pass it over for the present; merely stating that the complicated monetary system, and varied value of the different rupees, is an evil, the consequences of which are hourly becoming more injurious.

On the whole we have been greatly pleased with Mr. Thornton's work, and recommend it to all who desire to obtain authentic information respecting British India.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Williams's Life of Sir M. Hale*.'—The author's purpose is to exhibit Sir Matthew Hale as a model of practical Christianity, an example of the beneficial effects of religion both on the heart and understanding. He has diligently consulted every available source of information, and added much to our knowledge of Hale in private life: with a natural partiality, he rates his hero's literary and legal merits rather higher than they deserve; we readily subscribe to the praise of his extensive learning, but we find in his works no trace of original thought, no marks of the vigorous intellect that bursts the fetters of precedent and prejudice. The highest praise of Hale is, that he was "a good man in bad times," and his claims to this encomium are very ably stated by his biographer.

'*Life of Bishop Jewel*, by C. W. Le Bas, M.A.'—Jewel was one of the early English reformers, and one of the most active and exemplary of those engaged in separating the Church of England from that of Rome. His celebrated 'Apology for the Church of England,' is still the best defence of the principles of the Reformation; and his controversial tracts continue to be the arsenal whence the advocates of the Protestant cause derive their most effective weapons. His life well merited a place in the Theological Library, more especially when written by such a biographer as Mr. Le Bas. Learning and research are among the least merits of the

writer; he displays everywhere the mild spirit of Christian charity, he loves to conceal rather than exaggerate the defects of an adversary; and treating on a subject so intimately connected with the angry controversies of the present day, as the struggles of the Established Church, between Romanism on the one hand, and Puritanism on the other, he is never betrayed into the use of a harsh expression, or injurious insinuation. Would that we could see a History of the British Reformation, written with the same candour and the same ability!

'*England, Ireland and America, by a Manchester Manufacturer*.'—'*The Affairs of the East, in connection with England and Russia*.'—These able pamphlets advocate directly opposite lines of policy. The Manchester Manufacturer thinks, that England should cease to meddle in continental quarrels, and attend only to the extension of her commerce, and the reform of her domestic institutions. The balance of power he regards as a mere chimera, and the extension of the Russian dominions a matter indifferent to our interests. He thinks that the subjugation of Turkey by the Northern Autocrat, would not render the Russians one whit more dangerous than they are now; and he adds with perfect truth, that all the wars waged by England, in her assumed capacity of conservator of the liberties of Europe, have wasted blood and treasure without effecting any of the objects originally proposed. He more than doubts of the advantages to be derived from vast colonial possessions, and he urges forcibly the duty of comparing their value with the cost of their retention, should a war be necessary for their defence. The author of the second pamphlet is a diplomatist of more enthusiastic feelings than are usually found among his brethren; he is enamoured of the Turks, and he hates the Russians with a perfect hatred. He urges strenuously the duty of England to aid in the regeneration of Turkey, by liberating the Sultan from the thralldom in which he is held by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, checking the ambition of Mehemet Ali, and securing the freedom of the Dardanelles. The writer is thoroughly master of his subject, and is especially conversant with the policy of the Porte, and the intrigues of the diplomatists of Pera. We recommend the Manchester Manufacturer to his attention; for our parts, we are slow to listen to any recommendations which might again involve this country in the calamities of war.

'*Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, Vol. 6*.'—'*A Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most eminent Painters*, by C. J. Nieuwenhuys.'—Of Mr. Smith's useful work we have spoken heretofore. The present volume contains notices of the works of Ruysdael, Hobbema, J. and A. Both, Wynants, Pynaker, Hackaert, Vander Velde, Backhuysen, Van Huysum, and Rachel Ruish; and deserves the general commendation bestowed on the preceding—Mr. Nieuwenhuys has collected some curious and interesting facts relating to Rembrandt; but, with this exception, his work is little other than a Catalogue Raisonné of his own pictures sold last season by Mr. Christie, and seems to have been published for the purpose of attacking, in a sort of running fire, the afore-mentioned Mr. Smith, a rival picture-dealer.

'*Arboretum Britannicum; or, the Hardy Trees of Britain*, by J. C. Loudon, Esq.'—There is no book more wanted than a cheap and correct account of the qualities, uses, cultivation and habits of the forest trees, which will grow in this country. Mr. Loudon has undertaken it, in the same spirit as his numerous other works, and we sincerely wish him success. It is illustrated by very neat plates printed from zinc, and will be completed in twenty-four monthly numbers. We defer any lengthened notice of the work until it shall have advanced further, as the au-

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

GERMANY.—By O. L. B. WOLFF, LL.D.

[Continued from page 300.]

thor is still in his preface, and we wish to form our opinion upon the letter press which relates to his plates.

'The American Forest; or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about the Trees of America.'—This little work is intended to call the attention of children to the qualities, the uses, and the distinguishing characters of the forest trees of North America. It is principally a translation of Michaux's *Histoire des Arbres Forestiers*, deprived of its technicalities, and adapted to the comprehension of young people. The language is extremely simple, and the manner in which Uncle Philip conveys his information is just that which is most likely to fix attention. The work is not suited to this country, because our trees are totally different from those of North America; but the plan of the work is so good, that we should wish to see it imitated here, if we did not fear it would be ruined by the ignorance of some book manufacturer of universal knowledge. Such a writer as Miss Mitford, with good authorities before her, might render it one of the most useful and attractive books that could be put into the hands of children.

'Warren's Digest of the Laws of Methodism.'—This work will, no doubt, be acceptable, not only to members of the Methodist connexion, but to all who desire to become acquainted with the constitution and discipline of that important and influential body. It seems to have been the great object of Mr. Wesley to keep the Methodists united to the Established Church; on this account he did not frame laws specifying the respective powers of the preachers and the congregations, but intrusted the entire government of affairs to a Conference of the preachers. As the members of the connexion increased, much jealousy was felt at the authority exercised by this self-elected council, and, but for the great personal influence of Mr. Wesley, equally over pastors and people, this jealousy would have soon caused fatal divisions. Since his death the discords and dissensions between the congregations and the Conference have been frequent, and the most important parts of the Digest are those in which mutual concessions for the sake of peace are recorded. Mr. Warren seems to think that the preachers still possess too great a share of irresponsible power, and, if we understand him aright, hints at the expediency of having delegates, elected by the circuits, admitted to seats in the Conference, on the plan adopted by the Primitive Methodists in Ireland. How far this would be practicable or expedient, we cannot determine; but we are sure that the suggestions of a writer so distinguished by fairness, temper, and ability, as Mr. Warren, are entitled to the best attention of his brethren.

'Sermons for Lent, Easter, and Whitsuntide.'—These three volumes of the Sacred Classics are good companions to the Fast and Festivals of the Church of England named in their titles. It is pleasing to see the names of Wesley and Watts associated with those of Louth and Sherlock: this union of the good men of every sect, is among the most efficient means of producing the result which the editors declare to be their object, "an enlarged charity, as well as an extended acquaintance with gospel truth." In the introduction to the sermons for Whitsuntide, Mr. Cattermole has taken a brief but comprehensive view of the Theology of the Church of England from the days of Elizabeth, which will be read with pleasure and profit by every class of readers. His sketch illustrates the history of English literature as well as English divinity, and is equally creditable to him as a theologian, a scholar, and a man of refined taste.

'Wemy's Key to the Symbolical Language of Scripture.'—A useful work to young Biblical students.

WE now come to that poetical school which has already been often named,—though the epithets applied to it, by its friends as well as by its enemies, the *romantic school*, is a false one, for German poetry, according to the common understanding of the word, has been romantic ever since its earliest days; and even the most pedantic imitators of classic models have not been able to shake off that national peculiarity, which gives a certain air of romance to all our works of fancy and art. The establishment of this new school must, therefore, be considered as the widening and further exploring an old path, rather than the opening of a new one: it began with a set of young men of talent, who, jealous of soon acquiring a name in the republic of letters, encouraged each other in similar undertakings, without exactly forming a permanent coalition. They found themselves thrown together at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one in the very little town whence this rapid sketch is dated. At this period Jena had already exerted a great influence upon the whole of Germany; her university flourished under the auspices of one of the most generous Princes who ever graced a throne, the late Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Carl August, a name which even now finds many worshippers in England; for he who bore it was the real patron of everything noble and refined, no matter what land had been its cradle, and more than one Englishman must remember with grateful pleasure the friendly and flattering welcome he found at the court of this prince. Men, highly-gifted in every science and art were there assembled: Goethe was his minister and intimate friend; Schiller lived in Jena, and composed there his immortal tragedies; Griesbach, Loder, Reinhold, Fichte, Schütz, Eichstädt, and many others, not only of German, but of European fame, led their disciples into the depths of science and knowledge; the *'Allgemeine Literaturzeitung,'* (General Literary Gazette,) the first work of its kind in this country,) exercised an influence over the whole nation; Schiller sent from hence his journal, *'Die Horen,'* (The Hours,) and his *'Musen Almanach,'* (Almanac of the Muses,) into the world as heralds of his own and his friends' fame; in short, there was, perhaps, no science, no art, which did not receive from Jena a fresh and mighty impulse,—which was not quickened by the revelation of some secret till now hidden.

No wonder then that those young men, of whom we must now speak, stimulated and animated by such precedents, strove to show what they were able to do, and endeavoured earnestly to distinguish themselves amongst so illustrious a multitude. Among their chief leaders must be mentioned the brothers August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel, Lewis Tieck, and Novalis, whose real name was Friedrich von Hardenberg. These found eager friends and allies in Schelling, (the great philosopher,) Clemens Brentano, Ludwig Achim von Arnim, Wilhelm von Schütz, and others. What distinguished them particularly, was a true perception of the nature of romantic poetry, and its relation to that of the classic schools,—a more thorough recognition of the intellect and the poetry of the German middle age,—a more profound understanding of Shakespeare's poetical greatness, and the rich treasures of Spanish and Italian poetry,—for a true and noble estimation of those treasures for which Germany was indebted to Lessing and Goethe; and lastly, the unrelenting activity with which they attacked all mediocrity in our literature, wherever it might be found. Both the Schlegels upheld their endeavours by criticism, poetry,

and translations. Lewis Tieck showed himself their zealous and faithful ally in his poems, wherein he united with unrivalled skill the sharpest and most pungent satire with the most charming and powerful creations of fancy. Novalis, who died young, took an active part in the contest, but showed in his songs, and in his novel, *'Heinrich von Ofterdingen,'* how the theory of his friends was to be converted into practice. It cannot be denied that a false perception of their ideas, was the cause of much nonsense being introduced into our literature, for the *imitatorum pennis* failed not to throw itself eagerly upon this new style of composition; but it must be also thankfully acknowledged that we owe the greatest part of all that is noble and beautiful, which has appeared in our literature since the end of the eighteenth century, to these high-gifted spirits; and that Germany can never be grateful enough to them, though some of them, particularly the brothers Schlegel, did not always exert their influence for good, and, at a later period, lost, and not without reason, the love and high esteem of their nation, which they had so well deserved in their younger days.

AUGUST WILHELM SCHLEGEL, (afterwards Von Schlegel,) the son of John Adolf Schlegel, a worthy clergyman at Hanover, was born in that city on the 8th of September 1767. He studied theology at Göttingen; went in the capacity of tutor to Amsterdam, and removed from that place to Jena, in the year 1796, with the title of Counsellor to the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. In 1798 he became Extraordinary Professor of Philosophy, but he resigned this dignity in 1804: he then spent a short time at Berlin, and afterwards accompanied the celebrated Madame de Staël-Holstein on her journey through Germany, France, Italy, and Denmark. The share which he had in her remarkable work, *'Sur l'Allemagne,'* is so well known, that I need only refer to it. In 1809 he took up his residence at Stockholm, and, in 1813, he followed the then hereditary Prince of Sweden to Germany, in the capacity of secretary. He afterwards lived for some time with Madame de Staël in France, after which he was appointed Professor Ordinarius to the newly erected University of Bonn, which situation he still holds.

Such are the outlines of his life, which only I think it necessary here to notice; for, in my opinion, an author is only a public character in his works, and not in the concerns of his private life, with which the world has no concern. And yet, on the other hand, August Wilhelm Schlegel is so well known everywhere, that it would be ridiculous to play the mysterious, and to conceal what every one is acquainted with. But an author of eminent talents has spared me the trouble of plunging into the sea of scandal, and I shall content myself with referring the curious reader to the sketches which my countryman Heine has given in the *'Europe Littéraire,'* though I am not able to corroborate the truth of all the circumstances which he there relates; I only know that some ten years ago or more, many whispers were afloat in our circles concerning August Wilhelm Schlegel and his unhappy marriage with Miss Paulus, the daughter of the famous Professor Paulus, of Heidelberg; and that this celebrated head of the romantic school was represented to me as a very vain and haughty man. I afterwards saw him two or three times at Goethe's house in Weimar, and must confess that the opinion of my friend was rather confirmed by his personal appearance. He behaved like a *petit maître* in every sense of the word, playing continually with the ribbon

of his order, and trying to draw general attention to it; the forefinger of his right hand was adorned with a ring, such as princes are accustomed to give in return for dedications, but this was of such an extraordinary size, that its wearer found it impossible to bend the finger on which he wore it, and was, therefore, compelled to hold it straight before him, as a knight his lance. He was, too, perpetually fluttering round the ladies, showing them his edition of the 'Ramayana,' or some other Hindoo poem, of which they understood not a syllable, teaching them to spell the sacred language of the Vedas, and committing some other hundred little absurdities, unworthy of a learned man of his age and fame. To be candid, I felt that the romantic school and the Sanscrit might have had a worthier representative; indeed, had I not been acquainted with his works from my youth, and had he not afterwards, in a private conversation at the hotel where he lodged, and where we chanced to meet at supper, displayed extensive knowledge and great depth of thought, I could not have believed that such a man could ever have exercised any influence upon the literature and the fine arts in Germany.

Schlegel's merits are threefold; as a critic, as a versifier of the first class—for a poet he never was—and as a translator. Since his first appearance he has been remarkable for guessing what would be of interest to the rising generation of learned men: nor has he ever been mistaken. Thus, the love for the immortal Shakspeare, who is certainly no less worshipped in Germany than in England, was, though not first awakened, certainly much promoted by his masterly translation. Again, it was A. W. Schlegel who introduced to us the mystic and brilliant Calderon; and it was he, too, who first showed to the astonished Germans, what an immense treasure of philosophy and poetry was hidden in the written documents of Sanscrit and Prakrit. He is, indeed, a man of encyclopedical knowledge; no literature, from that of the Troubadours to the songs which are heard on the lotus-blooming Ganges, is strange to him; he knows the history of Greece and Rome, as if they had been his only study; and he has been able to combine the sharp-sightedness of a courtier with the gravity of a German professor. Some reproach him for becoming superficial in later times, particularly in his Sanscrit studies: I must confess my own incompetence of deciding upon the justice of this accusation.

As a critic, he warred with brilliant success, particularly in his attacks against the *home-bred* poets. At the same time, he opened larger fields for the muses, and introduced a poetical, but very dangerous, element into the fine arts—one which has been exceedingly misused.—I mean that of religious mysticism. A thorough-going partizan, he was indifferent to the means by which he accomplished his purposes, employing sarcasm and contempt as willingly as solid reasoning and substantial learning. He was strongly influenced by two things, which prevented his becoming so useful to his country as he might have been; the one was the pantheistical system of Schelling, which he did not understand, for he has not what we Germans call a philosophical head—the other was his vanity. To be the leader of a party was his principal aim, and he was fully master of the mysteries of intrigue. He wanted a god to adore—chose Goethe as his idol, to whom he erected altars of every kind. Goethe suffered this adoration, which was of the highest service to his own fame in Germany; but afterwards, when the above-mentioned mysticism and *new poetical catholicism*, as he himself called it, acquired too great an influence over literature, he publicly divorced himself from this entire party, which act, as Heine very wittily observes, worked like the 18th Brumaire in the republic of German letters. It was performed in an article in

the second number of his journal, 'Kunst und Alterthum,' with the title, 'Ueber die Christlich-Patriotisch neu-deutsche Kunst' (On the Christian-Patriotical new-German Art). From that time the influence of both the Schlegels ceased. Friedrich Schlegel is dead, and August Wilhelm has outlived his fame, more, perhaps, than he is himself aware.

The want of solid theoretical arguments induced Schlegel to give his scholars examples instead of rules; I have already observed, that it was from the middle ages, and particularly from German works of poetry and the fine arts, during this period, whence he borrowed them. On the one hand, this was of no small use to our literature, for it extended its boundaries; but, on the other, it led to obscurity and mannerism, and its effect is still felt here and there, principally in religious poetry. The 'Athenæum,' a journal which appeared from 1798 to 1800, the 'Characteristiken und Kritiken' (1801), the 'Vorlesungen über Dramatische Kunst und Litteratur' (Lectures on Dramatic Literature), a work which has been translated into English, 'Vorlesungen über Theorie und Geschichte der bildenden Kunst' (Lectures on the Theory and the History of the Plastic Art), 1827, and the 'Kritische Schriften,' are the works in which he set forth his doctrines, either singly or in conjunction with his brother Friedrich.

As a poet, he is only strong in what concerns the forms of poetry, but in these he excels; there is a euphony and a melody in his songs, which have hardly ever been equalled; but high thoughts must not be sought there. His elegy on Rome is a masterpiece in all that concerns the construction of the ancient elegiac metre; his sonnets may be cited as the best models for all German sonnetteers. The following one, for instance, though not the happiest, will give an idea of the qualities for which I have praised him, and I choose it because there exists an English translation of it, with which the reader may compare it:—

Allgemeines Loos.†

Der fahrt durch's Leben leicht auf leichter barke,
Der lässt die wimpel bunt und statlich fliegen;
Der will bis in den Mond erobernd siegen,
Der sorgt, wie er sein klein gebiet vermake;
Der pflegt sich üppig mit des landes marke,
Der muss im wetter nackt und hungrig liegen:
Doch alle gleich, gewiegt in gleichen wiegen
Der grossen Mutter, schwache so wie starke.
Und kaum gewürdigt werden eines blickes,
Die da gewesen; und die sind, vergessen
Ihr wandeln über hohlen katakomben.
Es rollt die erde wie das rad des glückes,
Mit ihr die Zeit, nie ruhend, ungemessen,
Und stündlich würgt der tod die hekatomben.

As A. W. Schlegel is only a poet of the understanding (what we call in Germany *ein Verstandes poet*), he is seen to the most advantage in his satirical productions. His sonnets against Kotzebue and Merkel, whose greatest and most unrelenting enemy he was—his parody on Voss, Matthiäson, and Schmidt of Wernicken, in a supposed contest of song between these three poets, are the wittiest and happiest things of the kind which we possess. But, in all his serious poems (with exception of the tragedy, 'Ion,' they are all short pieces), he is nothing more than a skilful versifier.

† The Lot of All.

One glides through life in buoyant bark along;
One lets his gaudy-coloured pennon fly;
One e'en the conquest of the moon will try;
One would but bound what fields to him belong;
One feeds on luxuries from thousands wrung;
One hungry, naked, and unshod must lie;
Yet all were rocked in cradle equally
Of their great Mother, weak as well as strong.
And scarcely condescend a passing glance
On those who were, and those who are; the while
Forget they walk o'er hollow catacombs;
The earth is rolling like the wheel of chance,
Time too, immensurable, never still,
And momentarily Death strangles hecatombs.

CH. HODGES.

The highest praise, however, is due to him for his poetical translations; in these he remains unrivalled, and unsurpassed even by those who followed him, and knew by his example what was to be done, and what avoided. Gries, the peerless translator of Ariosto, Tasso, and Calderon, may be alone compared to him. Schlegel penetrates with wonderful subtlety into the secrets and depths of the original; no beauty, no elegance escapes his eye, while, at the same time, he possesses such a command over his own language, that we always appear to be reading an original work, instead of a translation. This is the more to be commended, as he never indulges in any of those liberties so often abused by translators, but follows his original literally. His translation of Shakspeare, and particularly of the 'Romeo and Juliet,' will be an evidence to future times, of what the German language was capable in our days. It is the same with his versions of some of Petrarch's sonnets, which presented even greater difficulties, as he strictly complied in his translations with all the capricious laws of Italian poetry. There are even very few puns and quibbles in Shakspeare, which he did not render as happily as if they had been invented by himself.

But, and this is the lot of all the "*Dii minorum gentium*" of our own times, he outlived his fame as a poet and a critic: nor can it be said of him, that he bore his loss with philosophical patience. Some five or six years ago, when invited to contribute his part to the German 'Museum,' he availed himself of the opportunity to vent his anger in a score of epigrams, more coarse than witty, not alone against inferior poets and reviewers, but against the noble Schiller, and the mightiest men of our nation. This childish sally met with universal censure, and increased the dislike of his enemies, without procuring him a single additional friend.

His younger brother, Friedrich (with his full name, KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL), was born on the 10th of March, 1772, at Hanover. He was intended for trade, but gave up this vocation, and studied at Göttingen and Leipzig. From thence he went to Berlin and Dresden, where he stayed some time, and fixed himself as *Privat docent* (*privatim docens*, the first step to the dignity of Professor at our universities) in Jena, where he lived from 1800 to 1802. He married a widow, the daughter of the illustrious Moses Mendelssohn. She changed her religion, as did also himself, in the year 1803, at Cologne, and from that time both husband and wife adhered as closely to the Roman Catholic church, as if they had never known another faith. After having spent some years in Paris, he became Court Secretary in the Chancery at Vienna, was present at the *Bundestag*, in 1815 as Counsellor of the Embassy, and, somewhat later, was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Arts. In 1819 he retired from public life, and died, during a short stay at Dresden, on the 11th of January, 1819.

I have already observed that Friedrich Schlegel was more highly gifted than his elder brother, for he was more profound as a critic and philosopher, and more successful as a poet. Though originally inclined to Hellenism, he turned from it to the faith of the Middle Ages, and showed himself in every branch of literature he cultivated as an original thinker (his neo-catholicism excepted), particularly in his historical and philosophical works—viz., his 'Philosophie der Geschichte' (Philosophy of History), 'Philosophie des Lebens' (Philosophy of Life), 'Philosophische Vorlesungen' (Philosophical Lectures), 'Geschichte der Alten und Neuen Literatur' (History of Ancient and Modern Literature), 'Ueber die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier' (On the Language and the Wisdom of the Hindüs), &c. The time, when, with his brother, Tieck, Novalis, &c., he undertook and ended the

revolution of taste in Germany, might be called a reign of terror. His novel, 'Lucinde,' made the greatest possible noise on its first appearance, and was considered as a gospel by his adherents; this went so far, that one of the first spirits of Germany, the immortal Schleiermacher became so fascinated with it, that he wrote enthusiastic letters as a kind of commentary in its praise. Other critics declared this book to be the brightest gem of which German literature could now, or might henceforth boast. But this exaggeration rapidly decreased; and its fame is now all but traditional. To me it is a disgusting work: consisting of confessions, in which a witty and voluptuous woman, who sophisticates over voluptuousness, is depicted, but without nature and truth. This novel, a romantic tragedy, 'Alarkos,' and a collection of smaller poems, are the only original productions of Friedrich Schlegel. That collection, however, contains some beautiful songs.

The best, and, at the same time, the most concise judgment which has been pronounced upon Schlegel, is given by Heine, who says, "Friedrich Schlegel was a profound man. He perceived all the glory of the past, and felt all the pain of the present time. But he understood not the sacredness of this pain, and the necessity of it for the future welfare of the world. He saw the sun set, and looked mournfully towards the place where it sunk, and mourned over the nightly darkness which he saw advancing; but he guessed not that a new Aurora shone already on the other side. Friedrich Schlegel once called the historian an *inverted prophet*. This is the best designation of himself. He hated the present, the future frightened him, and his prophetic looks penetrated only into the past, which he loved."

Heine adds, some lines farther, that all Schlegel wrote was composed with an *arrière-pensée* to his catholicism, and the interest of the Catholic church—that this was particularly the case with his work, 'On the Language and the Wisdom of the Hindus,' and in his 'History of Literature'—a reproach at once impartial and true, and, at the same time, the heaviest one that weighs upon this highly-gifted man, who, under other circumstances, with his talents and knowledge, would have been one of the greatest benefactors of his native country.

The strongest ally of the Schlegels was Ludwig Tieck, who, to this day, stands firm in his well-deserved fame, as one of our first and most successful poets. He was born at Berlin on the 31st of May, 1773, studied at Halle, after which he lived in his native town, in Hamburg, and in Jena, where he found his friends of the romantic school, and formed a close connexion with them. He was the first who conceived the true spirit of the Middle Age in all its grandeur and purity, and reproduced it in his poems, in which he knew how to unite the ideas of those times with the ideas of the present. Tieck is the truest German poet we possess; he is genuine in all his productions, which, indeed, are as nearly related to that mystic period as to our days: his works, therefore, may be considered as a mirror reflecting both. He was the most powerful champion of the new poetical school, for he possessed those weapons which were precisely the most wanted, such as deep feeling, rich fancy, inexhaustible humour, and a brilliant wit. Tieck was the more formidable to the opposed party, as he not only showed by his own poetical works what was to be hoped from the new system, but likewise attacked them at the same time with the utmost spirit, exposing, with unmerciful keenness, the errors of the time.

His poetical works must be divided into three classes, according to the different periods of his life. To the first, which lasts from 1796 till 1805,

+ Zur Geschichte der neuesten schönen Literatur in Deutschland, von H. Heine. Paris, 1833. II. p. 4, et passim.

belong his popular tales, his romantic poems, and some novels. The second comprises his residence at Frankfurt on the Oder and Ziebingen, as well as two journeys, one to Italy, the other to England (from 1805 to 1819), and includes his studies of Shakespeare and the old English drama, together with his 'Phantasus,' a collection of his tales and dramatic works. The third, from 1819 to our times, during which he took up his residence at Dresden, and became court counsellor, and member of the Intendancy of the Royal Theatre, contains his new novels and tales, his historical (but still unfinished) novel, 'Der Aufruhr in den Cevennen' (The Revolt in the Cevennes), his 'Dramaturgische Blätter,' some translations and new editions of older works.

He is happiest as an author in his reproductions of the ancient popular fairy tales of Germany; he displays in them all his treasures of heart, imagination, and wit. Here his eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," beholds the secrets which heaven and earth give up to the lofty-minded poet, and his pen records their wonders for the benefit of humbler men; it is in these that he hears the pulse of the earth beating—that he fathoms the darkness of the waves—that he finds a meaning for the whistling of the winds, the roaring of the sea, the rustling of the trees, the singing of the birds, and, what is still more, penetrates the softest, as well as the strongest emotions of man's heart. All the religion and fervour of the Middle Ages are painted by him with the most intense feeling; but he does not vaguely lose himself in the times of old; opposed to these virtues, he represents the faults and errors of our time; and, by contrasting the innocence and simplicity of our forefathers with our over-refined polish, their modesty with our vanity, their honesty with our worldly wisdom, he shows the past in brilliant contrast. And thus he acts in a twofold manner upon the reader, both as a poet and as a satirist, and charms him by uniting the elements of tragedy and comedy: thus, too, he was of double use to his party; he won the impartial reader by showing him the riches of romantic poetry, and attacked at the same time his adversaries, with the powerful weapons of satire. Religion and Love are the two deities of his soul; mockery and wit, the two servants of his scorn; and when, in his works, he is not occupied with singing hymns to his gods, we to a certainty find him ridiculing the insignificance of the present age. His poems of this kind are generally dramatic, and among them must be mentioned his 'Genoveva,' 'Octavianus,' in which the higher interests of life and poetry prevail; 'Der Gestiefelte Kater' (Puss in Boots), a bitter satire against the then reigning bad taste in dramatic poetry, particularly against Böttiger, the illustrious antiquary; 'Die Verkehrte Welt' (The World turned Upside Down) and 'Prinz Zerbino, oder die Reise zum guten Geschmack' (Prince Zerbino, or the Journey in search of Good Taste). Amongst his fairy tales in prose of that period, there are two of superior beauty, 'Der blonde Eckbert,' (Fair-Haired Eckbert), and 'Der getreue Eckardt' (Faithful Eckardt), which cannot be too strongly recommended to every one who wishes to be acquainted with the best productions of modern German literature.†

During the first period, when the contest was the hottest, Tieck endeavoured to effect a revolution in the Fine Arts also, and wrote several books with this purpose, particularly his 'Phantasien über die Kunst' (Fantasies on the Fine Arts), and 'Franz Sternbald's Wanderungen' (The Wanderings of Franz Sternbald), a novel. They were composed according to the leading principles of the romantic school, and found admirers in their day; and they are yet studied

† These, and others, have been exquisitely rendered into English by Mr. Carlyle, whose 'Specimens of German Romance' have been too little read.—Ed. Athen.

by that class of artists who entertain the hope of becoming great men by inspiration, and therefore go to Rome and change their religion; but their influence has never been great.

The charm which Shakespeare exercised over Tieck—clearly displayed in his wonderful novel, 'The Poet's Life' (Dichterleben)—was at its strongest during the second period, in which he wrote nothing new, but occupied his leisure in translating old English plays. His 'Phantasus,' however, which I have already mentioned, appeared at this time. It is a collection of several of his former works, connected by a dialogue betwixt some friends, full of poetry and spirit, and exceedingly interesting. Many consider this work as Tieck's *chef-d'œuvre*.

When the Schlegels fell from their throne, Tieck remained for some time silent, and after this pause suddenly appeared quite another being than he had hitherto shown himself. Instead of fairy tales and satirical plays, he wrote a series of novels; and, what was most wonderful, instead of continuing, as he had formerly been, the champion of mysticism, and all the peculiarities of the Middle Ages, he began to espouse the cause of Protestantism and reformation, and painted nothing but the moderns in his new works. With few exceptions, all the heroes of these later novels are persons who may daily be found in our private circles or in public life; Hofräthe and Amtmänner, young, and bashful, and pretty women, and old house-keepers; noblemen and citizens, professors and apothecaries, discussing or acting the interests and the ideas of our age. They are all drawn with more or less skill; and what is peculiar to all these tales is, that each of the acting characters seems in himself to display the particular opinions of the author; while, in reality, the author's opinions are so skillfully concealed under these various masks, that it is very difficult to distinguish his real ideas either on men or things. This manner of representing things as they are, not as the poet's eye sees them, found great favour amongst the disciples of the romantic school, and was honoured by them with a particular name, *Welt Ironie* (Universal Irony). The device is not a new one, for Ariosto and Cervantes employed it; but its name is a novelty, and there was a time in Germany when one might be sure of reading it daily in the most insignificant criticisms of our journals and newspapers. Tieck excels in this style of writing, as well as in all the others he undertook. 'Die Gemälde,' 'Die Gesellschaft auf dem Lande,' 'Die Reise nach der Stadt,' (Pictures—the Society in the Country—the Trip to Town), are masterpieces.

In some of these novels, which treat of historical subjects, he unites the manner of Walter Scott with his own; and these are the best of all, for the interest they excite is a double one. To them belong the 'Dichterleben' (a Poet's Life), translated into English, but, I should think, little known, because the translation was printed in Germany; it contains scenes of Shakespeare's life; 'Des Dichters Tod' (a Poet's [Camões's] Death); 'Der Aufruhr in den Cevennen' (The Revolt in the Cevennes), which is still unfinished, and will, I fear, never be concluded.

In his last productions, Tieck has returned to his old friends, the fairies, but transplanted them into the present time. To effect this fully, he has even created a new kind of novel, *Die Märchen-Novelle* (the Fairy-tale Novel), and made use of it to attack the taste and the poets of our latest days. They display much wit and fancy; but they are insupportably prolix—a fault into which Tieck has too often fallen; and, what is worse, they show clearly that he has lingered behind the age. In one of them, he again ridicules his old *bête noire*, poor old Böttiger, whose monomania of praising every trifle is as old as himself, together with the washy poetasters of

Dresden. In the other, he attacks the French romanticists (with whom he is not acquainted), and, in the fulness of his vanity, proclaims himself the last great German poet.

His lyrical poetry is agreeable and harmonious, but wants nerve: there is not a single song of Tieck's which has become popular: a circumstance which seems to me very remarkable in a poet, who is so evidently national and thoroughly German in all his other works. Of his translations, that of Don Quixote is worthy of the original author as well as of the translator; for I believe the spirit of this novel of novels has never been so well entered into and rendered into another tongue as by him.

NOVALIS, another of the guiding stars of the romantic school, or, to speak more properly, FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG, (he borrowed his literary name from an estate which belonged to his family, and it was not an allegorical designation, as some believed, composed out of *nova* and *lia*) was born on the 2nd of May, 1772, at Wiedersdorf, in the county of Mansfeldt. He studied the law at Jena, Leipzig, and Wittenberg, and mineralogy and geology at Freiberg. In 1799 he was appointed to the office of Assessor of the Salines in Weissenfels; and in 1800, that of Amtshauptmann (chief superintendent over all the officers belonging to a bailiwick) of Thuringia. He died very young, on the 25th March, 1801. Fr. Schlegel and Tieck were the editors of his posthumous works, which consist in an unfinished novel, some other fragments, and songs—most of them of a religious cast. There is much poetry in his works, principally in his novel, 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen,' (whose hero was one of the Minnesinger), but a certain sickly weakness full of mysticism, which is unpalatable to those of healthy tastes. All the secrets which the romantic poets found in the Middle Age, are here intimated, but not revealed. A noble and poetical mind is every where visible—one full of love and faith, of devotion and a gentle melancholy—inspiring after the infinite and eternal, with a feeling which abides no vulgarity and meanness. His religious lyrics are the best we have of their kind.

[To be continued on the 30th inst.]

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF GEORGE THE THIRD TO LORD NORTH, RELATING TO THE AMERICAN WAR.

[We are indebted to Mr. Jared Sparks, for the following highly interesting paper, intended to be hereafter published in his great national work, a Complete Edition of the Writings of Washington.]

Lord North's Views at different Stages of the American War.

History, and all the public documents and proceedings of Parliament during the administration of Lord North, concur in representing that minister, not only as an enemy to the claims and pretensions of the Americans, but as a constant and uncompromising advocate for the war. So strong has this impression been in America, that writers have uniformly ascribed the continuance of the war, after every reasonable prospect of success had vanished, mainly to the settled hostility and unyielding temper of Lord North. The fact, however, is, that Lord North, during a great part of his administration, was in his heart averse to continuing the contest; that he often endeavoured to bring George the Third to concur in his sentiments, and to conciliate or treat with America; and that, above all, with that view he urged, though without success, a coalition with the public men, who had openly opposed the American war at its commencement, and were disposed to close it by conciliation or treaty.

This truth, which had indeed transpired in conversation before, has recently been established by unquestionable evidence. After the death

of Lord North, several letters and notes from the King to him while minister were found among his papers. These fell into the custody of his son-in-law, Douglas Lord Glenbervie, as executor either under his will, or that of his son, George Lord Guilford. They were lent by Lord Glenbervie to Sir James Mackintosh, who made copious and judicious extracts from them, embracing various topics relative to the intercourse between the King and the minister. These extracts, which in all probability will ere long see the light, have been perused by many persons, and among them by Lord Holland, who made such selections from them as bear immediately on the point in question, and was so obliging as to communicate them to me. The following is an accurate copy of that communication.

It will be seen, that, with one or two exceptions, the quotations are from the King's own letters or notes, without the corresponding communications from Lord North, which either answered or gave occasion to them. The nature of Lord North's advice or representations, therefore, is only to be inferred from his royal correspondent's comments and replies. But the meaning is so obvious, and so often repeated, as not to admit of doubt. "In corroboration of that inference," says Lord Holland, "I can without scruple affirm, that many of the leading characters of that day, both ministerial and those in the opposition, have assured me, that, in well-informed society it was notorious, that indolence, weakness, and, above all, a sense of honour, rather than passion or a defect of judgment, induced Lord North to remain minister so long, and to continue a war, of the success of which he despaired, and the principles of which he in his heart disapproved."

This fact, connected with the particulars in the following paper, is not more interesting in itself, than important as a key to the history of the time, and as affording the means of explaining the counsels and designs of the King and ministry during the latter years of the American war.

Extracts from the Letters of George the Third to Lord North, selected by Lord Holland from the Manuscripts of Sir James Mackintosh.

1774. September 11th.—"The die is cast, the Colonies must either triumph or submit."

November 18th.—"The New England governments are now in a state of rebellion. Blows must decide whether they are to be subject to this country or independent."

December 15th.—"Dislikes Lord North's proposal of sending commissioners to America to inquire."

1775.—Sundry expressions in favour of coercive measures and rigour, and many assurances of perseverance, which prove the King's own determination, and imply by inference that he thought even at that time, that Lord North required exhortation to keep him steady in the pursuit of his object, the subjection of America. Throughout this year the King was confident of success, and urged Lord North not to relax his endeavours. On the 18th of August blames him for delaying the Proclamation to declare Americans rebels, and forbids all intercourse with them. There are some expressions even in the correspondence of this year, that raise a fair inference of a wish in Lord North's mind to quit the ministry, or at least the first place in it. "As to your offer," says the King in a letter of November 7th, "it is very handsome, but I can never consent to it." What the offer was, is not stated, but from the context there appears some arrangement, which would have removed him from his employment, "the profits and honours of which," his Majesty observes, "are in the best hands."

1776.—The same spirit pervades his correspondence, but there are few or no extracts dis-

tinctly marking any difference between the King and the minister.

1777.—His indignation with the Americans seemed to increase. He is unwilling to believe in France going to war, and presses for vigour in North America to deter her.

1778.—As early as January there are symptoms of Lord North hinting at some offer of peace, for the King says, "Nothing short of independency will be accepted. I do not think there is a man either bold or mad enough to treat for the mother country on such a basis. Perhaps the time will come, when it will be wise to abandon all America but Canada, Nova Scotia, and the Floridas, but then the generality of the nation must see it first in that light; but to treat with Independents can never be possible."

1778. January 31st.—A direct answer to some letter of Lord North, expressing a wish to retire, in which the King, after appealing to Lord North's personal affection to him, and his sense of honour, and bestowing great praise upon him, goes on to say, "You must remember, that before the recess I strongly advised you not to bind yourself to bring forward any plan for restoring tranquillity to North America, *not from any absurd ideas of unconditional submission, which my mind never harboured*, but from foreseeing that whatever can be proposed will be liable not to bring America back to her attachment, but to disatisfy this country, which so cheerfully and handsomely carries on the contest, and has a right to have the struggle continued till convinced that it is vain. Perhaps this is the minute, that you ought to be least in a hurry to produce a plan, from the probability of a declaration of war from France;" and again, "I do not mean to reject all ideas, if a foreign war should not arise this session, of laying a proposition before Parliament."

It is manifest from this letter, that Lord North had proposed some overtures, or plan, for conciliation unpalatable to the King, which he was earnest at least to postpone; and it may be reasonably inferred from the words in italics, that Lord North in expressing his wish to retire had urged the impracticability of obtaining "unconditional submission," which he supposed, and probably with justice, to be the King's determined and sole object.

February 9th.—When it appeared from private information, that war with France had become inevitable, the King expresses his anxiety, before "the veil was drawn off by the court of France," that Lord North should "not delay in bringing in his proposition."

Early in March.—He had assented reluctantly to a sort of offer to Lord Chatham (who had recently declared *against* the Independence of America) to join or support Lord North's administration, but positively objected to any application to help in forming an administration. "Should he wish to see me," says the King, "before he gives his answer, I shall most certainly refuse it."

March.—The King's correspondence, throughout the first week of this month, is full of protestations against coalitions and changes of ministry, so vehement and so frequent that they prove Lord North to have urged them earnestly and repeatedly. "He would run any *personal* risk rather than submit to opposition." "He is grieved at Lord North's recurring to the painful subject." "He will rather risk his crown than do what is disgraceful." "If the nation will not stand by him, they shall have another King, for he never will put his hand to what will make him miserable to the last hour of his life." "To give Lord North ease, he will accept of the services of those men in his ministry; but rather than be shackled by those desperate men he would lose his crown, and not wear it as a disgrace."

March 22nd.—Calls on Lord North to answer

†For a review of the first volume, see No. 326.

a plain question,—“Is he resolved at the hour of danger to desert him?”

March 23rd.—Is satisfied with Lord North's answer, and always thought “his sense of honour must prevent him from deserting.”

March 26th.—Seems to be brought to some disposition to accommodate matters through the commissioners with America, and to close the war with that country.

March 29th, 30th.—Lord North seems actually to have declined continuing minister further than to close the then existing session, or as long as might be necessary to make arrangements; and the King insists on Thurlow being immediately made Chancellor.

From March to May.—Lord North considered himself as merely holding his office till the session was closed, and his successor appointed; but in May the King earnestly urged him to continue, and prevailed. The King says, on the 5th of May, “Remember the last words you used, ‘You did not mean to resign;’” but Lord North reverts to his intention of resigning almost immediately afterwards, and the King writes many remonstrances, and shows great soreness and irritability.

June 16th.—Lord North applies to resign, two days before the prorogation.

In the summer recess, July, Lord North seems to have hinted at negotiation for peace; for the King urges the necessity of war, but protests his readiness “to sheathe the sword when permanent tranquillity can be obtained.”

In the Autumn.—“If ministers show that they never will consent to the independence of America, and that the assistance of every man will be accepted on that ground, I am certain the cry will be strong in their favour.” In the same letter he remarks that “if any one branch of the empire is allowed to throw off its dependency, the others will infallibly follow the example.”

1779.—He again empowers Lord North to accept services, but does not wish any change in the treasury; and stipulates, in offering the admiralty to Lord Howe, that he shall concur in prosecuting war in all the quarters of the globe.

June.—“No man in my dominions desires solid peace more than I do. But no inclination to get out of the present difficulties, which certainly keep my mind very far from a state of ease, can incline me to enter into the destruction of the empire. Lord North frequently says, that the advantages to be gained by this contest never can repay the expense. I own that in any war, be it ever so successful, if persons will sit down and weigh the expense, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the state enriched; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter. It is necessary for those, whom Providence has placed in my station, to weigh whether expenses, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what would be more ruinous than any loss of money. The present contest with America I cannot help seeing as the most serious in which this country was ever engaged. It contains such a train of consequences, as must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it, I suppose no man could allege without being thought more fit for Bedlam than a seat in the senate; but step by step the demands of America have risen. Independence is their object, which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a momentary and inglorious peace must concur with me in thinking this country can never submit to. Should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow, not in independence, but dependence on America. Ireland would soon follow, and this island reduce itself to a poor island indeed.” Throughout the summer the King continued to write to his minister, strongly deprecating the admission of any man into office, who was inclined to ac-

knowledge the independence of America, or treat with those who look to independence; and,

June 22nd.—He says, “What I said yesterday was the dictate of frequent and severe self-examination. I never can depart from it. Before I will hear of any man's readiness to come into office I shall expect to see it signed under his own hand, that he is resolved to keep the empire entire, and that no troops shall consequently be withdrawn from thence, nor independence ever allowed.”

November 30th.—He tells Lord North that “if he is resolved to retire he must understand that step, though thought necessary by Lord North, is very unpleasant to me.”

December.—He authorizes Lord Thurlow to attempt a coalition, promising “to blot from his remembrance any events that may have displeased him,” provided it is understood by those who join with part of his present ministry in forming a more extended one, that “every means are to be employed to keep the empire entire, to prosecute the present just and unprovoked war in all its branches with the utmost vigour, and that past measures be treated with proper respect.”

Though, according to Lord Thurlow's representation of the matter, no proposal was ever made to the persons in opposition, he felt the pulse of some leading men, and as they seemed disinclined to engage for themselves, and still more for others, to the extent of the King's suggestion, his Majesty remarks with some asperity, “I see what treatment I am to expect if I call them into my service. To obtain their support I must deliver up my person, my principles and my dominions into their hands.”

1780. March 7th.—In answer pretty evidently to a hint about American independence; “I can never suppose this country so far lost to all ideas of self-importance, as to be willing to grant American independence. If that could be ever universally adopted, I shall despair of this country being preserved from a state of inferiority. I hope never to live to see that day, for, however I am treated, I must love this country.”

May 19th.—Earnestly exhorts Lord North not to retire.

July.—To something like a direct proposition from opposition, through Mr. Frederic Montague, he replies, “that an evasive answer about America will by no means answer,” and that the second proposition leaving the question open is “therefore quite inadmissible.”

September or October.—Lord Gower begs to resign, and urges a coalition with some in opposition. Lord North combats his intention, and thinks his resignation would be the ruin of the administration, but he owns, that in the argument “he had one disadvantage, which is that he holds in his heart, and has held for three years past, the same opinion with Lord Gower.”

1781. December.—The King disclaims any change in his sentiments, as “to getting a peace at the expense of a separation from America, which no difficulties can get me to consent to do.”

1782. March 17th.—After Conway's motion was carried, he says, “I am resolved not to throw myself into the hands of opposition at all events, and shall certainly, if things go as they seem to tend, know what my conscience as well as honour dictates, as the only way left for me.”

March 19th.—He says, “He could not but be hurt at Lord North's letter of last night. Every man must be the sole judge of his feelings; therefore whatever you or any man can say has no avail with me.” In the course of two or three days, however, he speaks of “those who are to form an administration,” and, on the 27th of March, he writes a letter of strong emotion, and some affection, to Lord North, announcing that “the fatal day is come,” and bitterly complaining of the terms imposed upon him.

1783. After the Peace.—His language proves,

that his feelings about America were not altered, though circumstances constrained him to change his conduct.

HISTORIC SITES—No. II.

BY LADY MORGAN.

“Think what London would be, if the chief houses were in it as in the cities of other countries; and not dispersed, like great rarity plums, in a vast pudding of a country.”—H. Walpole's *Correspondence*.

The dispersion of the historic sites of England over its wide surface, has been a cause of their preservation, and has rendered the country interesting and poetical beyond any other in Europe. The rural districts, and not the great towns and cities, (with the sole exception of London,) are the especial seats of those monumental residences which are land-marks of the social story of the people, stuck fast, and as it were rooted in the very soil. It is there, principally, that language, the master-key to the secrets of the past, still labels every glen, stamps every rock, and designates every stream and river with terms which chronicle by-gone events and persons, beyond the influence of time and accident to efface. When the Saxons, in the fifth century, driven by want from their German forests, swarmed over the pleasant and fertile vales of England,* they seem to have utterly destroyed, or to have displaced, both the aboriginal Britons, and the remnant of the scattered and straggling descendants of the Roman conquerors. The face of the country, desolated by fire and by rapine, retained few traces of the nascent civilization, which had scarcely taken root, at their advent. With the people perished their language, as a living tongue, in the land; and England became a mere Saxon camp. The sites which the conquerors then occupied, and the edifices and towns they subsequently erected on them, assumed Saxon appellations; yet, notwithstanding this universal subversion of the British race, the natural monuments of the country, its rivers and greater land-marks preserved, in many instances, their primitive names; and the British “Avon,” and the Roman “Castrum,” still figure in the Saxon geography.

When that intelligent savage, Egbert, the first English monarch, had reduced the independent provinces of the Heptarchy into one kingdom, and the soil was divided into districts, “for the greater ease of his government,” one of these shares, or “shires,” the nearest to the infant metropolis, was singularly distinguished by natural beauty, by comparative civilization, and by sites, which, even then, were historical. The natural advantages of Hertfordshire, “than which,” says old Camden, “there is scarce one county in England can show more footsteps of antiquity,” were well adapted to the state of society in semi-barbarous times. Its ledge of hills gave shelter; its magnificent woods afforded fuel and building materials; its grassy bottoms with their rich pastures; its queen river† and tributary streams, abounding in variety of fish, and supplying mills; its fair valley of Ring-tale, (“yielding the choicest wheat and barley, such as makes the best malt, that serves the king's court, which caused Queen Elizabeth to boast of her Hitchin grape;”) and its medicinal waters,‡ were peculiarities, which supplied the deficiencies, and met, half way, the wants of undeveloped humanity.

* “In this century all the nations of the north, as if by common consent, broke loose from their cold insupportable regions, and came down in vast armies to the warm and plentiful regions of the south.”

† The Thame (the most famous river of England) issues from three heads in the parish of Tring, which, uniting at New Mill, cross Buckinghamshire to Thame, in Oxfordshire. There the river congratulates the Isis; but both emulating each other for the name, and neither yielding, they are complicated by that of Tamisis.”—*Abr. from Chauncy*.

‡ One on the common near Barnet, another at Northall, and one at Offley, are mentioned by Chauncy.

At the very earliest periods, power had discovered the capabilities of this beautiful region; and the Romans, on their arrival in Britain, found, within its boundary, the first rude attempt at a city, constructed by the rude hands of the half-naked natives, who had congregated there for defence: a rude hold, defended by "woods, bogs, and ditches," deserted in peace, manned in war, and principally used in times of civil dissension of savage against savage, "to put their cattle in for safety."[§]

Whether this city of "the golden-locked leader" of the Cassi, was the nucleus of the Roman city of Verulam, of which the remains exist to this day, and which is consecrated to eternal fame, by its association with immortal genius, it were useless to inquire. The supposition, however, favours the assumed antiquity and early attractiveness of the spot. The clear, sweet, and very wholesome air of the province certainly invited the earliest Saxon kings to make it the scene of their residence; and, there, they kept their rude courts, and held their parliamentary councils. The royal palace of Kingsbury, where Bertolf, King of the Mercians, kept his state, stood "at the west end of the city of St. Albans, within the walls of the ancient Verulam,—the Windsor of the ninth century, as, afterwards, Langley Regis was the Brighton of royal repose, in the time of Henry III.

The fair sites improved by the Saxon princes, were not neglected by the Norman invaders: William the Conqueror fell in love with the county of Hertford, seized it into his own hands, and reserving to himself a large part "as the provision of his court," he gave the remainder to his needy but powerful followers. The successors of the Conqueror, influenced by the same motives, made Hertfordshire the seat of their rural residences, "where they were accustomed to breed and educate their children." Many of the nobility, consequently, "built stately fabricks, pleasant dwellings, and delicious seats, for their own habitations, which were anciently called buries, (the Saxon term for dwelling-houses,) and which were mostly lordships." "But since," adds Chauncy, "several of these have lost their lords, and have become now farm-houses."[¶]

The Domesday Book has preserved the names of those who profited by the Conquest; and they afford a striking contrast with the simple and homely, but picturesque, Saxon appellations of the lands which were granted to them. "Bushey" had its Lord De la Ware; the "Lea" its Simon de Flambord and Waldrand de Rochefort; and "Hatfield" (i. e. Heathfield) its De Fortescue; "Honesdone" its De Montgomeri; while some nameless "*soldat heureux*" was entered simply as Robert de la Hoo, (a Saxon equivalent for "Hight," in allusion to its elevated position). The royal "Offley" fell to the St. Legiers; and "the Barleys," "Thornbury," "Coldridges," and "Brockets," gave possessions and honours to many who had none in their native land.

The combinations of one age are, inevitably, destined to give place to those of another; and the "to have and to hold for ever" of the lawyers, like so many other of their fictions, has no warranty from the law of nature. The power of the Norman barons decreased under the destructive influence of the crusading fanaticism,

[§] Pennant's Journey from Chester.

[¶] Chauncy.

"The English lands William gave in fee to his soldiers, to hold them under such services as he appointed, by right of succession or inheritance, which right was not very common in those days among military tenants, for if they failed in the performance of their duty and service to their lord, they forfeited their estates." The philosophy of despotism was well understood by the Normans, who modelled the law and government of England on their own, "for all the Judges were Normans, and monks and priests were the counsellors and pleaders that managed causes upon all trials for the people."—Chauncy, vol. i.

and of the civil wars of the rival Roses. The descendants of the forresters, huntsmen, falconers, butlers, and other *serventes regis*, diminished in number, and in influence; while the posterity of the Saxons, socmen, bordars, cotars,† and villains, the victims and slaves of the feudal system, the performers of "base services," (as all works of utility were then termed,) gradually resumed their forfeited places in society by the force of those energies, which even slavery could not obliterate. The Saxon physiognomy again appeared in the high places of social and political distinction; while the high arched eyebrow and curled lip (the features of haughty, conscious superiority) were oftener found in monumental effigies and ancient portraits, than in living originals. Society, in thus becoming less picturesque, became more equalized, and it is scarcely hyperbole to add, that never has England, since the Conquest, been so much England as in the present day.‡

Under the gradual and progressive influence of such causes, the ancient manors and stately mansions of Hertfordshire have slipped from the grasp of the posterity of the Norman nobles, until scarcely a Norman family remained. It is curious to watch the fading away of the De's, Fitz's, and Ville's, from William the Conqueror to Henry IV.; at which period the De Valengies, De Magnavilles, the De Veeres, the De Lucis, the Montfichets, the Belcampes, and other lords of the soil, and of the liberties of the people, had given way to the Braybrookes, Swinebournes, Engelfields, and Pendracons, &c. &c. Under Edward IV. many of the broad lands of the country were dominated by the Clays, Burlies, Cornburghs, Sturgeons, and Woods. Under Henry VIII. Church reform and confiscation added to the change. The ancient manors of Goreham, Sandridge, and the Priory of the Prey, (all parcels of the ancient "honour" of the monks of St. Albans,) then fell to the lot of Ralph Rowlet, of Saxon descent. The Brockets, Bacons, Plummers, Sadlers, and Millers, came in under Elizabeth; and the Brands, Bakers, Lambs, and the owners of other old Saxon names, were found in possession of the fair manors of Hertfordshire, under the Georges. Beauchamp, the fief of the De Montgomeris, was granted to the Taylors and Turners, and "the stately palace of Kingsbury, where the Saxon kings delighted much, and where their nobles and officers so often resorted as to become a burden and a charge to the abbot and monks of St. Albans," was sold to one John Cox. Merchant-tailors and mercers and linen-drappers, from the city of London, became lords of those manors which once gave despotic privileges to "the gentlemen" of Rollo's creation;

And thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges.

Of all these progressing stages of society, the monumental fragments are scattered over the soil, to which they have given such an historical and poetic interest. Of these, the grandest, the most beautiful and powerful, stands the Abbey of St. Albans; like the fragment of an illuminated manuscript, telling of the moral and pictorial development of man, of his ignorance, his knowledge, his power, and his weakness.

In the early history of England, when all might be summed up in blood and massacre, the monastery of St. Albans was founded and endowed by Offa, a murderer of immortal memory, who, by this penitential propitiation, delivered to posterity the record of his crimes, while he unconsciously forwarded that great reform which began through the resistance of the church to feudal violence. Monastic life had begun under the influence of fear. Adopted

† Bordar, from the Norman-French word *Borde*, a cottage; the term cotar, or cottier, explains itself.

‡ All the rudiments of English liberty will be found emanating from the Saxon spirit and institutions; the Norman legislator was of a different race and temper.

as a protection by the persecuted Christians of Egypt, who retired into the desert for safety and repose, the life grew into repute for its own sake, spread into the Greek church, passed into the Latin, was early embraced in France, and from France was imported into Britain, where its adaptation to the circumstances of the times ensured it a rapid and wide prevalence. When St. Augustine arrived there, with his forty monks, at the close of the sixth century, Glastonbury and Bangor were already flourishing establishments. The latter had grown up under persecution; having, at its foundation, been taxed with a spirit of innovation by the Druids, whom it attacked in their own powerful seat. The Druidical hierarchy raised the cry that their church was in danger; they accused the new brotherhood of being Christian philosophers,—overturers of the social order of human sacrifices, of the worship of the miseltoe,—and corrupters of youth, (the old church-and-state cry against Socrates). Notwithstanding this denunciation, or rather in consequence of it, the monastery thrived, and the monks became exceedingly numerous; but, in after years, persecution was more effectual in its mischievous activity: for, the monks siding with the British people against their Saxon invaders, and maintaining their own usages against the authority of the Roman bishops, Ethelfred, instigated, as it is said, by St. Augustine,§ massacred no less than 1200 of them,—an event which was soon followed by the ruin of the establishment.

Its great rival and cotemporary, (Glastonbury) more prudent, or less ardent in the cause of reform, survived for nearly seven hundred years, and fell only with the universal wreck at the Reformation.

The endowment of an abbey that was to surpass both—the abbey of St. Alban's—is said to have arisen, from the miraculous discovery of the body of St. Alban (the first British martyr,) by King Offa; when a shining light over Verulam directed the monarch to the tomb. The royal penitent having dedicated his manor and palace of Winslow, in Hertfordshire, to the foundation, says, Newcome, "thought proper to call together his nobles, prelates, and chief personages, to take council on the further execution of his pious design: and it was then determined that the King should in person go to Rome,† to solicit leave of the Pope, and procure the desired privileges for his foundation. The King proceeded; and went in full intention to make his endowment as far transcend all other monasteries, as St. Alban had surpassed all other martyrs. The Pope, with great commendations of the King's zeal and piety, grants all his requests; and Offa, in return, granted for the use of the English school at Rome, that Peterpence, or one penny per family, should be collected throughout his dominions,‡ and having made confession to the Pope of all his crimes, and received a conditional absolution, he departed with a devout benediction." [Hist. of St. Albans, p. 26.]

The first Abbot of St. Albans was, "one Willigod," who ascended the abbatial chair in 794: the last was Cardinal Wolsey, who descended from it in 1523. What duration for a system, and what a fall! By how many fluctuations of power and of opinion was that system (for centuries deemed infallible,) reduced to its ultimate powerless decay! How many uses

§ "It is probable that the monastery of Banchor was found by Austin and his monks to be adverse to their plan and institution, since it is plain that Austin made pretensions to an authority unknown to the British clergy; and that the latter had never acknowledged a dependence on any foreign pontiff, as head.... And this enmity against the British clergy instigated the King of the East Angles, by the persuasion of Austin, to extirpate Banchor."—Newcome's Hist. of St. Albans, p. 21.

† An enterprise of vast danger and difficulty in those rude and troubled times.

‡ The Popish model of our Evangelical penny subscriptions against Popery.

had sunk into abuses, not merely by becoming corrupt, but by their growing inaptitude to the wants and opinions of aftertimes. The life and fall of the last immortal abbot, is but a type of the great abuses on which he rose, and by which he fell. Bishop, legate, abbot, cardinal, statesman, philosopher, and irresponsible minister, (responsible at least to his master alone,) his story is a brief abstract of the times in which he lived, when power, wound up to its highest possible pitch, broke by the excess of its own tension, and civil rights began to supersede the despotism of church and state. The crowned and bloated monster, the prostrator of all ties and sympathies, the English Nero and guardian defender of the Catholic faith, who took to himself the merit of reform, was but the passive agent of events, over which the fluctuation of his impulses exercised no permanent controul. He could cut off heads; but he could not obliterate ideas. The reformation emanated not from his decrees; nor is it justly reproachable with his vices. It existed in the minds of the people, long before it served the purposes of his brutal passions. It is the nature of reform, as of flame, to ascend: the wisest of sovereigns, can but direct, the worst cannot extinguish it.

As a monument, the still beautiful, still splendid ruin of the Abbey of St. Albans calls upon the feelings, the philosophy, and the poetical nationality of England to rescue it from approaching destruction.* The Church has few other such perfect relics of its grandeur and influence; art has not many such models of those forms, which seem connected with the imagination, and consecrated to all its most romantic associations. Will the conservatives of all old things in politics and institutions suffer this beautiful record of the wisdom of their ancestors, this material evidence of their influence, to melt and dissolve away "like the baseless fabric of a vision"? Will the extravagant contributors of the public money, to erect new churches, afford no mite of their own to secure from utter dilapidation this very old one? Will not the gentry of the shire, the Saxon gentry, who have recovered the lands of their early forefathers, by the industry and talents of their immediate antecedents, rescue from decay, the shrine of St. Cuthbert and "the lady's chapel," where their mothers worshipped; or prevent the tombs of their distant progenitors from being confounded with the dust of unhallowed ground? Even the descendants of the favoured courtiers of Henry VIII., who shared so largely in the plunder of the Abbey, are interested in preserving the monument of their own rank and power; and the newest resident on a purchased estate, whose mansion commands a view of the picturesque and beautiful edifice, cannot be indifferent to the permanence of an object, from which he derives so much physical enjoyment.

CAPTAIN HENRY KATER.

THE scientific world has to deplore the loss of Capt. Henry Kater, whose various labours in mathematical and physical researches, for nearly half a century, have greatly enlarged the bounds of experimental science. He was born at Bristol, April 16, 1777; his father was of a German family, his mother was the daughter of an eminent architect: both were distinguished for their scientific attainments, and united in inspiring

* In November Mr. Cottingham, the architect, after a minute survey of the general state of the building, reported, that the foundations, walls, and main arches of this magnificent church were in such a substantial state as to last for centuries, with a very trifling repair; but that the roofs of the north and south transepts, and the east end of the nave, were extremely insecure; the ends of many of the main timbers being so perfectly rotten, as to lose their geometrical bond and dependence on the walls, thereby endangering the whole fabric. The great window of the south transept, and several of the minor windows, are also reported to be in a very ruinous state.

him, from his earliest years, with a taste for physical investigations. After some time his father, who designed Henry for the profession of the law, began to discourage his exclusive devotion to abstract science, and he parted from mathematics as reluctantly as Blackstone from his poetry. During the two years that Mr. Kater was in a pleader's office, he acquired a considerable portion of legal knowledge, on which he valued himself through life; but the death of his father, in 1794, permitting him to resume his favourite studies, he bade adieu to the law, and obtained a commission in the 12th Regt. of Foot, then stationed in India. During the following year he was engaged in the trigonometrical survey of India under Colonel Lambton, and contributed greatly to the success of that stupendous undertaking. About the same time he constructed a peculiarly sensible hygrometer, and published a description of it in the 'Asiatic Researches.' His unremitting study during seven years in a hot climate, greatly injured his constitution, and was the cause of the ill state of health under which he suffered to the close of his life. After his return to England, he qualified himself to serve on the general staff. He went on half-pay in 1814, from which period his life was wholly devoted to science. His trigonometrical operations, his experiments for determining the length of a pendulum beating seconds, and his labours for constructing standards of weights and measures, are well known; they combined patient industry, minute observation, and mechanical skill, with high powers of reasoning. Most of the learned societies in Great Britain and on the Continent, testified their sense of the value of Capt. Kater's services, by enrolling him amongst their members. The Emperor of Russia employed him to construct standards for the weights and measures of his dominions, and was so pleased with the execution of them, that he presented him with the order of St. Anne and a diamond snuff-box.

The even tenor of Capt. Kater's life was rarely interrupted. The loss of his daughter, who fell a victim to her ardour for science in 1827, was the severest affliction by which he was visited. She died in her seventeenth year, after having displayed mathematical powers of a high order, and a love of science that even increasing physical weakness could not destroy. Most of Capt. Kater's publications appeared in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' to which he was a very constant contributor.

MR. HENRY PARKE.

WE deeply regret to announce, that this amiable man, who had been for some time in a very dangerous state of health, died on Tuesday last. Mr. H. Parke was, we understand, originally intended for the bar, and for some time studied under an eminent special pleader. Here, his sound discrimination and accurate judgment, qualities for which he became subsequently remarkable, soon evinced themselves; but an unfortunate impediment in his speech seemed to preclude his success in that branch of the profession, to which he aspired to belong, namely, practice in the courts, and he abandoned the law. Perhaps, the pursuit did not altogether coincide with a taste for the fine arts, which he had been led to cultivate from the constant opportunity of seeing fine pictures, in the possession of his father. He then chose architecture as his profession, and pursued his studies under Sir John (then Mr.) Soane. He brought to the study a hand already well versed in drawing, and a deep acquaintance with mathematics,—preliminary qualifications, which enabled him to master at once the technical elements of the art. Some of the finest drawings exhibited at the lectures of the professor, were from his pencil, and attracted great attention. Mr. Parke subsequently went abroad

to complete his studies in Italy and Sicily; and after measuring and drawing the noblest monuments of ancient and modern times, he went to Egypt, where he passed nine months with Messrs. Scoles and Catherwood, delineating everything most worthy attention, from the Delta to the Second Cataract. The fruits of his travels were apparent in some of the most exquisite drawings of Egyptian buildings that were ever exhibited, and were remarkable for depth of tone, transparency of tint, brilliancy of effect, and truth of colour. Diffident and retiring, he was ill fitted for the jarring warfare of life, and consequently was little known beyond the immediate circle of his friends. The last professional occupation, in which he took part, was in the tribute of respect paid by the architects of Great Britain to his old master. To him was chiefly confided the composition of the reverse of the Soane medal, and the taste with which he has succeeded, is acknowledged by all who have seen it.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THIS has been a stirring week, and to keep pace with the novelties exceeds the power even of a double number. We are obliged to defer detailed notices of one or two works that claim a hearing; among others, M. de Lamartine's 'Pilgrimage to the Holy Land,' and the Royal Academy must acquit us of disrespect if we ask for seven days' grace, before we offer our account of its treasures to the public.

We have a few words to say of the remainder of the magazines. In *Blackwood*, we find a long notice of Wordsworth's new volume, in which the praise bestowed upon its author is chiefly borne out by extracts from his works, which have been long before the world. This appears to us odd; but Christopher North has ways and fancies of his own, and very probably intends to give us another article on the subject. There is also a glorious lyric by Mrs. Hemans—almost the best of her poems; the first of a series of papers, on the 'Female Characters in our Modern Poetry,' and part third of 'Shakespeare in Germany,' which is devoted to his Julius Caesar; besides these the number contains other lively and varied papers. The *New Monthly* has, as usual, a racy dozen of pages by Hook—one of its American sketches—and, like its Edinburgh rival, a paper on Wordsworth; another concerning Dr. Francia, and some autobiographical sketches of Spanish refugees, which are interesting; the 'Battle of the Elephants,' is but a dull piece of fun; the monthly commentary is, as usual, (we are sorry to say,) in bad taste. We feel the want of a presiding spirit here; in our opinion, the *New Monthly* is a miscellany, and not a magazine. The same may be said of the *Old Monthly*, but then its changes are many as the *cameleon's*, it appears before us in a new dress, and (we are told,) with a new editor, once in every three months at least; and little can be expected under such a system. The *Alchemist*, the *Analyst*, and the *Literary Union*, may be fairly classed together—there is pleasant reading in all three. The *Monthly Repository*, in spite of its extremity of opinions, is a great favourite with us; the present number is less general in its interest than most of its predecessors. Mrs. Leman Grimstone's 'Sketches of Domestic Life,' are clever, but her pencil wants ease and delicacy; and she draws sharp and heavy lines, where she should content herself with "a fine hair stroke," as the writing-masters have it. Lastly, we must speak of the *Metropolitan* (leaving a heap of periodicals still unnoticed), as amusing and readable. 'Japhet' continues to interest us by his adventures, though we had rather read them in the good old-fashioned form of a three volume novel, than in this fragmentary fashion. In this num-

ber too, we have a carefully written analysis of a rejected play, called 'The Bastille,' founded on the story of the Man in the Iron Mask; the extracts hardly justify the very high praise bestowed upon the drama; but the paper is interesting. Could not Sylvanus Urban have found some book for his "leader" a little newer or a little older than the life of Cuvier?

Among other rumours, which come to us across the water, we are told that Count Peyronnet has for some time been employing the hours of his captivity in a new work, 'L'Histoire des Francs,' which is just completed, and in the hands of a Parisian publisher. It is said to display great research, and little or no party feeling or prejudice. We are informed, too, by a letter from a correspondent in Oldenburg, that so great is the present rage in Germany for publishing the correspondence of Goethe, that a series of his letters to a child is just announced for publication, at a price exceeding one pound sterling.

We have just received from the Shakspeare Club, at Stratford, a circular, requesting contributions towards repairing the monument, &c., of our immortal countryman—we shall refer more fully to the subject next week. The news also has this instant reached us, that an old friend and favourite, Miss Kelly, has resolved to retire altogether from the stage, and open a dramatic school; and that she will take a farewell benefit on the 25th. We heartily hope she will have such a benefit as she deserves—a house not only full, but overflowing.

In the course of the next month we expect to have the opportunity of comparing Grisi, Malibran, and Pasta, as they will be all in London together. Why is there no opera with three *prima donna* parts (our friend of the Fencibles would ask) in which they might appear at once? *Apropos* of opera matters, our conscience begins to smite us; we fear, that the little innocent tributes of our musical friends are beginning to do mischief in "genteel families," by exciting and encouraging rivalry among near relations. The verses which follow (the manuscript is in a very delicate and trembling hand), are a proof that our fears are not ill founded, and we are all the more anxious on the subject; as we see no end of these follies—Perrot, we are told, having engaged his poet; and six cantos being in progress (merely stopped for a few rhymes), devoted to the enchantress Taglioni! We expect that the native talent of England will be up in arms before long, and only print the following in the hope, that, by impartiality, we may prove peace-makers:—

O Mr. Athenæum, Sir! permit me just a word,
My sister's fancy for Lablache is really too absurd!
For nothing short of seven feet high, and six feet wide,
goes down,
And she talks of no one else all day, in her *gros de Naples* gown!

She calls herself *Sub-Rosa*, Sir:—I'm sure if you could see,
You'd say she was a cabbage-rose—if not a peony!—
But I should not mind such trifles, Sir, if she would cease to scoff,
Because I have my fancy too for little Ivanoff.

Rubini with his cadences, he puts me quite in pain—
I can't abide *sprigged music*, Sir, I'd rather have it plain.

There's Tamburini, to be sure,—but do you think he's steady?
And brother Tom writes home from Rome, that he's one wife already!

Lablache! forsooth! compared with mine! No wonder I am cross!

The Durham ox of musicals, so surly and so gross!
No! let my sister take him—*all!*—I'll never envy her!
While I have still my nightgale from the land of frost and fur.

His little feet, they are so neat; his small moustaches twirl

Upon his little upper lip in such a pretty curl!
His eyes are like two little beads—and then his voice!

—'tis mellow,
As a little summer pippin with its cheeks so round and yellow.

O were I only rich enough, I'd buy him off the stage,
And dress him in a velvet coat, and put him in a cage,
A handsome cage of golden wire (a little one would do),
And he should sing me twice a day, that darling
'Vivi tu!'

My sister Jane would walk a mile to hear her giant shout,

But I'd go ten to see the stage on which he trots about—
And sings, and sings!—O dear! I'll stop, lest you too call me silly!—

O Ivanoff! nice Ivanoff!—

Your humble servant,
LILY.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Society resumed its meetings on Thursday, April 30.—The Rev. Philip Jennings, V.P. in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled 'Continuation of the paper on the relations between the Nerves of Motion and of Sensation, and the Brain, and more particularly on the structure of the Medulla Oblongata, and the Spinal Marrow,' by Sir Charles Bell, F.R.S.

May 7.—Sir John Rennie, Vice President, in the chair.

The following gentlemen were proposed by the Council as Candidates, recommended for election as Foreign Members of the Royal Society:—viz. M. Frederic Cuvier, and M. Elie D. Beaumont, Professors at the Jardin du Roi, and members of the French Institute; M. P. Flourens, Secretary of the Royal Academy of Sciences; Professor P. A. Hansen, Director of the Royal Observatory of Seeborg; and D. O. A. Rosenberger, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Halle.

A paper was read, entitled, 'On the elements of the orbit of the Comet of Halley,' by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer R.S.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

April 9.—Lieut.-Col. Leake, V.P. in the chair.—The Foreign Secretary commenced the reading of a memoir, by Mr. Wilkins, on the architectural inscription relating to the Erechtheum, in the Acropolis at Athens.

The portion of Mr. Wilkins's disquisition read at the present meeting, consisted of an historical and descriptive account of this celebrated temple, and of the sacred inclosure of the Acropolis in general, of which it was one of the most interesting and most venerated objects.

Mr. Wilkins differs from the greater part of writers on Athenian topography, in supposing the eastern instead of the western end to have been its original front. He reconciled the account of the destruction of the Erechtheum, by fire, during the Persian invasion, as given by Herodotus and Pausanias, with a description of a similar event by Xenophon, commonly thought to relate to the same edifice, but placed some years later, by pointing out the probability that the latter writer refers to the conflagration of some other temple—perhaps that of Minerva-Alea, at Tegea. In the illustration of both these particulars, the writer brought forward the results of much learned research.

Mr. Wilkins considers the southern portico, or *πρόστας*, of this building, which is formed by the six female statues (*κοραι*) serving as pillars, and which portico is accessible only from the pronaos of the Pandroseum, to have been built around the salt well, or *ὑψωρ ἐν φρεσιν*, mentioned by the ancient writers; and that it was hence denominated in the inscription *πυρρὸν*. There are also evident signs observable, on an attentive examination of the pronaos itself, that here was preserved the sacred olive-tree of Minerva, which received light and air through the clathrate, or latticed windows.

Mr. Wilkins's memoir was accompanied by detailed drawings of the various parts of the building, which, together with those details contained in the inscription itself, throw great light over many of the peculiarities of Greek architecture in its best times.

April 30.—The Anniversary meeting—the Earl of Ripon, President, in the chair.—The Secretary having read the annual report of the Society's proceedings, comprising an account of the number of members, of the state of the building and general funds, of the donations to the library, and of the papers brought before the Society during the year, the President commenced his annual address.

This being the first annual meeting at which the noble Earl had occupied the chair, he began by adverting to the services rendered to the Society by his predecessors—the venerable Bishop of Salisbury, and the late lamented Lord Dover. Of the character and talents of the latter, in particular, he spoke with affectionate warmth.

A feeling tribute was then paid to the memory of those members of whom death had deprived the Society during the last year. The first of these was Dr. Gray, Bishop of Bristol, a member of the Society from its commencement, and, more recently, a vice-president; of whose sound learning and sincere piety, his able work, 'The Connexion between Sacred and Profane Literature,' will, with his other critical and theological publications, be a lasting monument.

The next name erased from the list by death, was that of Coleridge, a Royal Associate of the Society—a name second to none of his time, in literature and philosophy. The leading events of Coleridge's life were stated, from his entering at Christ's Hospital—already learned and meditative, though a child—to his decease, at Highgate, beneath the roof of his generous friend, Mr. Gilman, which, for nearly twenty years, had been the scene of his deep musings and eloquent discourse.

Writings embodying the profoundest elements of thought, cannot be fairly estimated by the number and bulk of the volumes they comprise; nevertheless, to the often-repeated question, "What has Coleridge done?" an examination of his published works furnishes no unsatisfactory answer. A complete one, however, must be deferred till the publication of the numerous MSS. which he has left behind, especially those containing the entire system of his philosophy, the result of many years' laborious thought. In the meantime, the conversations of Coleridge, in which he is acknowledged to have been unrivalled, ought, in justice, to be considered in every general estimate of the fruits of his genius. His wisdom was at all times poured forth, in obedience to the call of friendship or the inquiry of the searcher after truth. Many of the best and purest intellects of the age, were among his affectionate pupils; by these the seed of his thoughts is already widely diffused in the world of literature, and thence among those scenes of active life to which he was personally a stranger. The notice of Coleridge concluded with a summary account of his philosophy.

A merited eulogy was next pronounced upon the amiable and enlightened Prince Hoare, another lately-deceased member of the Society. He was, indeed, among its founders and most zealous friends. The writings of Mr. Hoare were characterized by great purity of thought, and an elevated tone of moral feeling: these qualities are especially conspicuous in his 'Memoirs of Granville Sharp,' and in the elegant paper, 'On the Moral Fame of Authors,' printed in the second volume of the Society's Transactions.

To the late Professor Malthus, the celebrated political economist, and to the Rev. Lewis Way, an appropriate tribute of respect was likewise paid.

Having adverted to the arrangements lately adopted by the Council to facilitate the mutual intercourse of members, the President proceeded to recall the attention of the meeting to the wide and productive field for intellectual labour, marked out in the charter and constitution of the Society. Proportionate industry and assiduity

alone were wanted to reap a harvest, which, if not profitable and lucrative in the common acceptance of the terms, would, at least, gratify the higher faculties of the labourer, and entitle him to the public regard and gratitude.

The address proceeded with a general view of the state of learning and literature in this country and on the continent, as exemplified in the works which had come especially under the notice of the Society since the last anniversary meeting. The progress of hieroglyphic literature, —the present results and means of farther advancing which, appear in the publications of Rosellini, the companion of Champollion, of Mr. Wilkinson, and others,—here first claimed attention. Additional assistance in this recondite branch of ancient literature may be expected from the forthcoming works of Mr. Hayes, Mr. Hoskins, and Mr. Burton. While on this subject, the President likewise recalled the attention of the meeting to the able and elaborate essay, by one of the foreign members, M. Letronne, upon the Greek inscriptions on the statue of Ramses II. (Memnon) at Thebes.

Our knowledge of Oriental Literature had been very much extended by the munificent aid of the Oriental Translation Society: in this department, and also in northern literature, the library of the Royal Society of Literature had been considerably enriched by the contributions of its continental members.

Among recent publications of a general, and especially historical, kind, his lordship instanced the labours of Palgrave, Cooper, and Merewether. In regard to the extension of our knowledge of foreign countries, honourable mention was made of the travels of Lieut. Burnes, Mr. Arundel, and Sir Grenville Temple. The meeting was likewise gratified with the announcement of a work, which is shortly expected to appear, from the pen of a distinguished scholar and geographer, one of the Vice-Presidents, 'On the Comparative Geography of Northern Greece.' The publication of Sir W. Gell's 'Topography of Rome and its Vicinity,' was a further subject of congratulation to the classical scholar, and to all who desire an intimate acquaintance with the localities referred to in the Latin writers.

The President concluded his able discourse by expressing an ardent hope, that good Literature would continue to divide with Science, her younger sister, the favour of an enlightened public. The more exciting pursuits of Law and Politics, if viewed by the enlarged mind of the philosophic statesman, must apply to literature for their first principles, and their earliest practical application. It was, however, his lordship observed, to the more peculiar province of the latter, as holding out perfect models of composition in poetry, history, and philosophy, that the attention of the members of the Royal Society of Literature ought, in conformity with its original design, to be primarily directed. In this respect the master productions of Greece and Rome still maintain, and are likely to continue to maintain, an unrivalled place in the esteem of competent judges.

At the conclusion of the address, the ballot took place for President, Vice-Presidents, &c., for the ensuing year, when the following noblemen and gentlemen were unanimously elected:—

President.—The Earl of Ripon.

Vice-Presidents.—The Bishop of Salisbury (late President); the Dukes of Newcastle, Rutland, Sutherland; the Earl of Belmore; Lord Bexley; Sir Gore Ouseley; H. Hallam, W. M. Leake, Esqrs; the Rev Dr. G. Richards.

Council.—The Rev. G. Beresford; R. Blanchard, Esq.; the Rev. R. Cattermole (Secretary); the Rev. H. Clissold (Librarian); Dr. J. Doratt; the Rev. T. Fuller; W. R. Hamilton (Foreign Secretary), H. Holland, W. Jacob (Treasurer), R. Lemon, L. H. Petit, D. Pollock, Esqrs; the Rev. Dr. J. Russell; the Rev. Dr.

J. H. Spry, Sir J. Swinburne; the Rev. G. Tomlinson.

Auditors.—W. Tooke, M.P.; Hudson Gurney, Accountant and Collector.—Mr. Thomas Paul. Charles Paxton Cooper, Esq., F.R.S., &c. was likewise elected a member.

May 7.—At the usual assembly of members in the interval between the ordinary meetings of the Society, Mr. Hamilton read a notice of the first fasciculus of Greek Inscriptions, lately discovered in Greece, and edited by Mr. Lewis Rossi, Director of the Museum of Antiquities, collected in that kingdom.

This fasciculus, which is printed at Napoli di Romania, contains eighty-six inscriptions, found in Arcadia, Laconia, Argolis, and Phocis. Many of them are of considerable interest to the grammarian, the antiquary, and the geographer; as they exhibit new terms and forms of language, illustrate some of the domestic customs of ancient Greece, and serve to fix the sites of towers and temples. We hail this auspicious commencement of a pursuit, which we owe to regenerating Greece, and from which the literary world may expect much interesting matter, elucidatory of the language, history, and usages of antiquity.

The editor observes in his preface, which is dated Athens, November, 1834, that the inscriptions recently found in Attica alone are sufficient to furnish two other fasciuli.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, May 4.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S. President, in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting having been confirmed, and an extensive list of donations of books and insects read, and thanks ordered to be returned to the several donors thereof, T. J. Pettigrew, Robert E. Grant, J. Forbes Royle, and R. M. Lingwood, Esq., were elected members. A numerous collection of very minute insects, captured in the Mauritius, by Mr. Templeton, were exhibited; and it was remarked, that, with few exceptions, the whole appeared generically, and in some cases even specifically, identical with many of our commonest English species. Other insects were also exhibited, which led to an extended physiological discussion upon the development of the alary organs, and the mode of impregnation of the eggs of insects. The following memoirs were then read: 1. Notice of the Entomological Proceedings of the Linnean and other Societies; 2. Note upon the Insects observed in unrolling a Mummy, before the Natural History Society of Belfast, communicated in a letter to the Secretary, by Robert Patterson, Esq. of Belfast; 3. Observations upon and descriptions of Haliphys Ferrugineus, and other allied species of water beetles from Cambridgeshire, by C. C. Babington, M.A., F.L.S. &c.; 4. Notice of two Italian Memoirs, by Signor Passerini, of Florence, relative to several species of insects destructive to agriculture in Tuscany; 5. Description of Elenchus Templetonii, a new and very minute insect, belonging to the anomalous order of Bee parasites, (Strepsiptera,) by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. &c.; 6. On the Destruction of the Corks of wine-bottles by insects, by S. S. Saunders, Esq.; 7. Descriptions of various exotic Dipterous insects, by the Secretary. A lengthened conversation took place upon the various subjects brought before the meeting, as well as upon the comparative benefits in hop grounds, arising from the charring the poles, or by immersing them in corrosive sublimate. A portion of the Stomach of the Horse was exhibited by Mr. Henderson, covered with the larvæ of the bot-fly; and various remedies employed by the continental farriers were mentioned.

The first anniversary dinner, to celebrate the successful formation of the Society, took place on the 6th inst. at the British Coffee House, Cockspur Street; Rev. F. W. Hope, the President, in the chair; supported by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, W. Spence, Esq., J. G. Children, Esq.,

Dr. Roget, and about 50 of the members and their friends.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—This Society held their first annual meeting on Monday the 4th inst., P. F. Robinson, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—The Council made their first report on the state of the property and affairs. It appears that the Society consists of the President, Earl de Grey, fifty-two Fellows, thirteen Associates, two Honorary Members without contribution, and of fifteen Foreign Architects elected as correspondents—in all, eighty-three members. The receipts of the Institute, since the formation, have amounted to 550*l.*, the expenditure to 208*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands, of 342*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* The Council expressed their regret that it had been impossible, as yet, to begin the scientific operation, and more immediate professional investigation, for which the Society was founded. They have thought it necessary, in the first place, to turn their attention to the efficient formation of the Society, by the addition of members, and other preliminary arrangements, rather than by a premature commencement to create expectations, which they might not be able to realize. They hope, however, that the first general meeting for ordinary purposes will soon take place, and their attention will now be more immediately directed to this object. A great many books and casts have been presented to the Institute, and 50*l.* in money for the purchase of books and casts. A brief tribute was paid to the memory of the late Thomas Lee, Jun., Esq., one of the original members, who was drowned in August last, while bathing on the north coast of Devon. It was observed, that the refinement and elegance of his taste, and his thorough knowledge of construction, gave promise of his attaining the highest honours of the profession. The report concluded with an allusion to the cordial support which the Institute had met with from the profession, and the friends of architecture in general; affording an earnest of their permanent success. The whole of the officers and Council were re-elected for the ensuing year, and the following gentlemen balloted for and admitted: Ignatius Bonomi, architect, of Durham, as Fellow, Messrs. Faraday and Britton, as Honorary Members; Messrs. Perrier, Fontaine, Le Bas, Debret, Le Clerc, Guenepin and Gau, of Paris; Rolandt of Ghent, Messrs. Gasse and Poccianti of Italy; and Moller, Ottmer, Schinkel, Von Klenze, and Gartner, German architects, as Corresponding Members.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business)	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society	½ p. 8, P.M.
TUES.	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight, P.M.
	Society of Arts (Evening Illustrations)	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts	½ p. 7, P.M.
THUR.	Royal Society	½ p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution.....	½ p. 8, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society.....	Two, P.M.

FINE ARTS

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

This Society has opened its doors again for the thirty-first time; and the present is one of its most pleasing exhibitions, in spite of the losses it has sustained, within the last few years, of those whose works were always so many points of attraction. Be it understood, however, that our epithet applies to the class of drawings exhibited, and not to the degree of their merit; for while there are few which display any fancy of a high order, or in which subjects of a bold and original cast are even attempted, the beauty of

nature, and the riches of antique architecture have seldom been more faithfully—in some cases, poetically—represented, than in the collection under notice. It contains too a fair proportion of simple and natural domestic scenes, and those who delight in plumed pages and maidens smiling over love letters, and other such "sarsnet" matters, will here find something for their pleasure also.

Perhaps, the place of honour, in our notice, is due to the drawings of Mr. J. F. LEWIS; his Spanish scenes are inimitable, both in character and colour; they glow with speaking, southern life. No. 131, 'A Spanish Posada, supposed to be after a bull-fight,' shows us a group of peasants carousing round a table, with a vine hanging its tapestry of rich branches above them; they are fighting the battle over again, of course. On the other side of the picture, a dark-eyed girl is seen, sitting on her mule: she too has apparently just arrived from the show, and listens to their tale so attentively, that it will be another moment or two before she alights. No less characteristic is No. 153, 'The Tajo of Ronda,' 'Arrieros going down the mountain'—the Vineyard scene too, (No. 254,) is very charming; and the heads of a Spanish lady (No. 288,) a perfect Doña Julia, hiding passion under the demure semblance of devotion, and of the 'Peasant Girl,' (No. 297,) with her shrewd, arch, credulous face, are so much to our liking, that we should have been well pleased had they been painted for us instead of Prince George of Cambridge. Perhaps, however, the best of all is No. 292, 'Spanish Capuchin Monks preaching for the benefit of their Convent, Seville;' the thin, eager gesticulating figure of the friar in the pulpit, and the group of listeners, including the peasant in the back-ground, who cares more for his cigar than the prosperity of the church, are capital.

COPLEY FIELDING is in all his glory in this exhibition—we marked his pictures on our catalogue, till we were tired—and yet there are few, or none, among them, that do not deserve a note of admiration,—whether they be scenes of open country, such as No. 14, 'View of the Weald of Sussex,'—wide landscapes, with those striking effects of passing clouds, in which he has no rival, or his drawings of a more imaginative and delicate class, such as No. 26, the subject of which is taken from the psalm, 'By the waters of Babylon;' or, his wild, tempestuous, marine landscapes, with their heavy stormy skies and their angry waters. One or two, however, we must particularize—No. 103, with a beautiful rain effect; No. 151, 'A group of remarkable Yew Trees at Stoke, near Chichester;' and No. 185, 'Loch Catrine and Ben Venue.'

Cox, too, has sent an abundance of clever drawings—upon not a few of which approbation more substantial than ours has been stamped, in four decisive letters. His view of 'Ulverstone Sands,' (No. 6,) is faithfully true to the nature of that bleak and dangerous scene; some of his smaller drawings are remarkable for their clear unforced effect. We were especially pleased with a pair, (No. 145, and No. 157,) and others, which want of space prevents our mentioning separately. We have also not a few drawings, and some of them very beautiful ones, by BARRET; his affections seem to be divided between the full mellow glow of afternoon sunshine, and the purple shadows and dim skies of summer twilight. There may be a little mannerism in all this, but it is very delightful. His 'Retirement,' (No. 114,) is a sweet sunny haunt, and his 'Pastoral Landscape,' (No. 125,) with the solitary shepherd boy in the foreground, and the ruins of some old castle or palace in the horizon, is yet more inviting and poetical. Of his evening scenes, perhaps a more beautiful couple could not be selected, than No. 305, 'Scene from Richmond,' and No. 269, 'Twilight,'

in which the beauty of day's last hours has been caught and delineated by no mechanical hand.

It has often occurred to us, that Shakespeare's immortal works stand in precisely the same stead to our rising artists, as the Scriptures did to the old painters of Italy; there are few who have not attempted a Romeo and Juliet; and a Falstaff is as sure to be found in every exhibition room as its door-keeper. Many well-known scenes from his dramas are here illustrated—not many of them happily. Mr. STONE's 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' thrusting the amorous knight into the buck-basket, (No. 32,) are too young and pretty by half: one of them has a Watteau look, and the attitude of the other is fierce and extravagant; the hero of the scene is better. The same artist's 'Scene from Macbeth,' (No. 165,) falls sadly short of the poet's meaning; there should be something more in an embodiment of the terrors of the night of Duncan's murder, than two melo-dramatic figures, struggling, rather than listening, on a staircase—besides the mere properties of staring eyes, and ghastly visages, and blood-stained daggers. Mr. NASH's 'Olivia and Malvolio,' (No. 172,) is likewise a failure; the steward, who though he had ceased to be "sad," was "civil," even when discoursing in the dungeon with Sir Topas, is here made a vulgar swaggering buffoon; nor had Olivia a touch of the shrew in her composition, if we read 'Twelfth Night' aright. Mr. J. STEPHANOFF has wandered equally far a-field, in his drawing of the 'Companions of Falstaff lamenting his death,' (No. 209): his Mrs. Quickly might be stolen from the picture to make an Ann Page anywhere else, and Bardolph looks almost sentimental, in spite of his nose.

What the works of Shakespeare are to aspirants in historical painting, Venice is to artists of another class. And though, thanks to their busy pencils, we know every corner of the 'Sea Cybele' by heart, we can look upon her again and again with pleasure and interest. Mr. HARDING has given us the 'Grand Canal,' (No. 177.)—Mr. PROUT, another view on the same great artery of the city, (No. 27). Both are so exquisitely picturesque in subject, and so well handled, that we hardly know which to prefer—we almost think the former, as possessing the more air and sunshine—the other is a trifle more sombre. Mr. Prout has contributed a host of other drawings, all of which are good, particularly two views, one in Antwerp, (No. 54,) and one in Caen (No. 61). While we are concerned with architecture, we must mention with high praise, Mr. J. NASH's 'South Porch of the Church of Louviers, Normandy,' (No. 138,) as being clear and forcible. Nor must we pass over 'One of the two richest Temples of Delwarra, drawn by Mr. F. MACKENZIE, from a sketch by Mrs. Colonel Hunter Blair,' (No. 166); this is a splendid specimen of oriental architecture, drawn by a patient but not a cramped hand—and the eye is almost dazzled by the profusion of tracery and ornament, in spite of the subdued tone of its colouring. If the Greeks had the secret of proportion to themselves, the people of the East were as certainly possessed of the spell of decoration equally unrivalled in any work of the moderns.

We must bring our notice to a close—but not till we have mentioned two very clever drawings by CATTERMOLE, one (No. 52,) 'A Study of Armour'—though there is so much of glittering steel in it, and so little of recognizable feature in its wearers, that we could not help thinking of the helmet and sword apparition in the 'Castle of Otranto;' the other is 'The Abbot,' (No. 152,)—is this the good-humoured self-indulged Boniface of Kennaquhair? He lies royally asleep in the best of elbow chairs, with a large bowl of flowers, and a half-emptied plate of fruit close to his elbow, and one of the jolly

brotherhood, worthy to be under the rule of so buxom a superior, awaits his waking, with the further temptations of fresh fruit and a flagon of wine. The pictures on the wall, and the sumptuous stained glass in the window, are in strict keeping with the figures, and the tone of the whole is rich and luscious.

Nothing are further asunder than CATTERMOLE's knights and HUNT's 'Peasant Boys'—which last, however, must not be neglected altogether. The urchin (No. 79,) who is contemplating a shapeless monster of lines and circles, scrawled on his slate, is a worthy companion to Hood's 'Infant Genius;' and his neighbour, 'The Calculating Boy,' (No. 86,) is as busy in earnest as the other has been in idleness. We can now only mention the names of a few more drawings and artists: No. 23, 'A scene on the Beach of Lowestoffe, during the herring fishery,' by THALES FIELDING; several landscapes by EVANS, DE WINT, and GASTINEAU, among which are No. 68, by the second, and No. 222, 'The Lake of Como,' by the last-mentioned artist—the best work of his we have ever seen. We cannot quite pass Mr. RICHTER's violent affection—(No. 39,) and the Musical Amateur, nor his sky-blue and lilac 'Don Juan and Haidee,' (No. 75,) without regretting over the time and talent wasted in these and all such productions. Mr. HILLS' 'Winter Scene,' (No. 82,) cattle and peasant children huddling under a shed, with a snow-storm without—is one of his best works—but his highly-finished spotted style suits smaller subjects better. His 'Horses at Water,' (No. 243,) is a gem of its kind. Mr. CRISTALL has his usual number of country girls knitting and sewing, not to be passed without commendation. Mr. TAYLER's 'Mountain Peasants,' (No. 247,) have merit, but they want repose; it is one thing to be in quick motion, and another to be in a passion. Lastly, we must say handsome things to Mrs. SEYFFARTH (late Miss Sharpe;) in her 'Good Offer,' (No. 241,) the girl is all prettiness and obstinacy, down to the tips of her fingers; the mother is grave and concerned, and

Wonders any one alive will ever rear a daughter.

'The Phenologist,' (No. 308,) by her sister, Miss E. SHARPE, is a graceful and clever drawing; we suspect that there is some love as well as science in the young doctor's careful examination of his subject's head. But we must here take leave.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, Tuesday and Thursday the opera of 'Otello' was performed—the cast being the same as last year, save that Lablache takes the place of Zuchelli—the duet 'Vorre ch'il tuo pensiero,' in *Desdemona's* first scene, has been restored; and the opera goes magnificently as a whole. We are confirmed in our estimation of it, as one of Rossini's best works, if not his very best, on every fresh hearing of it: there is a freshness in the melodies—a passion in all the great scenes—and a poetry of conception in the musical treatment of its last act, which are the result, not of head-work, but inspiration. We wish that some spark of the composer's spirit would kindle up Rubini to play his part with more energy, and to sing it with less frivolity of embellishment—a mere walking *Otello* is a contradiction; and the music needs no extra double-roulades to make it tell. In his recitatives, too, he fails, particularly in the last scenes. Grisi is much improved in the part since last year, and her grand air at the conclusion of the second act, is given with a force and passion which electrify the house—we wish she would choose another *entrata* than her bravura, by Mariani, which appears poor and *maniré* in the midst of Rossini's vigorous music. Signors Tamburini and Ivanoff are as excellent

as they were last year; and Lablache, as *Elmiro*, is superb; his 'Empia! to maledico,' is as fine as any acting upon any stage, and appeals us by its tremendous energy. On the whole, the opera, as cast at present, is a high treat, enough to compensate for the poverty-stricken state of the ballet. The commencement of 'Zephir Berger' always thins the house. When is Taglioni to make her appearance?—and what has become of the Elslers?

SOCIETÀ ARMONICA.

The fourth of these concerts (as far as we heard it) was rather a heavy performance; though the music selected was classical and not hackneyed, and the singers engaged did their best. But, without any disparagement of their acknowledged merits, we must say, that with some exception, they were hardly equal to the tasks assigned to them; our remark especially applies to the somewhat *recherché* duet from Marschner's 'Der Vampyr,' to the air by Rossini, which fell dead from the lips of its singer, and to the *finale* to 'Zemira and Azor,' which did not go off with spirit. After this criticism, we shall only mention generally the performers who appeared; these were Madame Stockhausen, Miss Clara Novello, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Phillips. The symphony to the first act was Beethoven's *Pastorale*, which went in time, but not with the delicacy which that exquisite composition demands; the overture to the second act, was Moscheles' 'Joan of Arc.' Mr. Forbes played a *fantasia* by Hummel, in the second act, and in the first, M. Collinet made his *début* in England as a concert performer, in a solo for the flageolet, an adaptation of one of Mayseider's brilliant violin airs. His execution was finished, and deserved the applause it obtained; but his instrument is poor, inexpressive, and chirping in its tone; and to study it for solo performance, is, we think, to throw labour away. The hand, on the whole, is in better order than it was last year.

MR. MOSCHELES'S CONCERT.

This took place yesterday week: the scheme was an excellent one, and its promises well fulfilled, as far as we heard—for our experience of it ended with Beethoven's grand concertante trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with full orchestra. This opened the second act, and was admirably played by Mori, Moscheles, and Lindley; to make the acquaintance of a new work of Beethoven's (and we had never heard the trio in question before,) is something like 'finding old gold.' But we should begin at the beginning, inasmuch as we have a few words to say upon the MS. overture, 'Joan of Arc,' with which the concert opened. We have now heard this composition performed three times, each time with an increase of our own pleasure, and an addition to the conviction we felt on first hearing it at the Philharmonic Concert, that it was less relished than it deserved to be, because it was not understood. It is a descriptive overture, and, as such, we think a work of the highest order. It is true, that we have sometimes doubted whether, in this modern fashion of making an overture a *programme* of, rather than a preface to, the work which is to follow, composers are not working on a false principle; whether it is wise in them, or according to sound taste, to *anticipate* in one of these descriptive compositions, all the changes and vicissitudes of the story which is to come, in place of being contented with preparing the minds of the audience for the opening scenes of the drama, by a preliminary symphony or introduction. On the one side of the question, (leaving the older writers out of the account,) we have Meyerbeer with his *no overtures*; on the other, the brilliant examples of descriptive composition left us by Weber. We honestly confess that we have rather thrown out these ideas for others to work

upon, than because our own mind is made up. The case, too, is changed, when the overture is detached from the drama, as in the present instance; when, save for its not being written in the canonical number of movements, it becomes, to all intents and purposes, as completely a descriptive symphony as Beethoven's 'Pastorale,' or Spohr's 'Power of Sound.' In this light should Moscheles's overture be considered; and we are sure that by all who *think*, (and we hope that the number of these among our musical amateurs is daily increasing,) it will be rightly appreciated: and a vivid and faithful picture of the romantic story of La Pucelle will be found in its introduction, so soothing and pastoral—in the heroic movement which follows, which is full of energy and resolution—of the onslaught—and the conflict and the victory, and in its thrilling and melancholy close. Of the skill and science displayed in its construction, we have no occasion to speak, but we must mention one beautiful touch of poetry, the return of the charming pastoral melody, (as it were in remembrance of the maiden's early innocent peasant life,) just before the solemn death-music, with which the composition concludes: it is a most happy imagination. We have dwelt upon this work at greater length than usual—on principle. That there are bounds to the powers of descriptive music we know well, but we would have the amateur enjoy the full benefit of all the space that lies within them; and can never repeat often enough, that music may appeal to the mind as well as the senses, and they who do not look at it in this two-fold point of view, lose half (and the best half) of the enjoyment which attends it. The rest of the Concert must be noticed in a few words: Moscheles played his best in his new MS. concerto *pathétique*, (first movement), and the brilliant *rondo* which followed. Grisi, Caradori, Miss Masson, Rubini, and Lablache, were among the vocalists; and a Miss K. Robson made a creditable *début* in the grand *scena* from 'Der Freischütz,' but among our own artists we have had so many singers of promise, that we are puzzled sometimes when we look round, for those of *performance*!

MISCELLANEA.

Ancient Astronomy.—M. Paravey offers to prove, that the satellites of Jupiter were known to the Chinese, and figured by them on their celestial charts, and that the use of telescopes has existed among them, from the remotest antiquity.

Ancient Statues.—Several little statues have been dug up in a field at Boissy, formerly the site of a wood; each are from three to four inches high. Among them is a Jupiter Gallia, a Fortune holding a cornucopia in her right hand, with a lotus leaf for a crown, and a little Victory holding a crown in one hand, and a palm in the other.

Jews.—The Jews residing in Rome have just presented to the Pope a folio volume of Hebrew writings. It is a magnificent specimen of calligraphy and binding, and the subjects are, a prose composition in honour of the Pope; and the prayer used every Saturday in the Synagogue, in behalf of the sovereign; and translations in Latin and English. Each page is in a different writing, and highly illuminated. The drawings are by a Venetian artist, named Paoletti, a Christian. Among them is an excellent likeness of the Pope, his coat of arms, Solomon proclaimed king, and Solomon on the throne. This volume is to serve instead of the sheet of the law, which is always presented by the Jews, when the Pope takes possession. The Pope receives it, and devoutly laments their blindness.

Steam.—The publication of the letter of Marion Delorme, concerning Saloman de Caus, has, it seems, stirred up other candidates for the invention of mechanism by steam, and Vin-

cent de Beauvois, an ancient historian, gives it to a learned pope, Sylvester II., who, in the tenth century, constructed clocks and organs which were kept in motion by steam.

Rail-Road on an Extensive Scale.—The French papers speak of a projected rail-road, which is to run from Belgium through Hamburg, Westphalia, Hanover, Berlin, Breslau, and Poland, to St. Petersburg. What next!

Russian Mines.—It appears from a recent calculation, that the produce of the mines belonging to the Russian Government, and those of private individuals, during the last six months of 1834, was 5600 pounds of gold, and 1892 pounds of platinum. The government mines produce about 2657 pounds of gold, but only 84 ounces of platinum. The other mines worked by private capitalists, produced 2943 pounds of gold, and 1891½ pounds of platinum.

Homœopathy.—Although this practice is making much way in France, yet, from the reports made by a committee from the Academy of Sciences to the government, it has been decided that no hospital shall be erected for the purpose of practising homœopathy gratis. The dogmas of this system, say the committee, are against the laws of sound logic, and the accounts of the cases do not offer proofs of their efficacy.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Just published.—Hydraulics; an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Water-works of London, &c. by William Matthews, 8vo. 18s.—Extracts from the Common-place Book of an Ecclesiastic, 12mo. 5s.—A Practical Treatise on Brewing, by William Chadwick, 12mo. 2s.—Essay on the Human Mind, by the Rev. E. Bushby, B.D. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Davidson's Pocket Commentary on the Old Testament, Vol. II. 24mo. 4s.—Wilks's Memoirs of Teignmouth and Jones, 2 vols. 4s. 10s. 6d.—Dissertations on the Emendations of Æschylus, from the German of Müller, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect, by Thomas Brown, M.D. 4th edit. 8vo. 12s.—Abbott'sford and Newton; by the Author of 'The Sketch Book,' &c. post 8vo. 9s. 6d.—London in May, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Reed and Matheson's Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Memoir of J. Howard Hinton, by His Father, 32mo. 1s.—Mother's Catechism of Useful Knowledge, 18mo. 2s. cloth, 1s. 6d. sew.—The Student, by L. L. Balwer, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Syria, &c. by M. de Lamartine, 3 vols. post 8vo. 36s.—Belford Regis, by Mary Russell Mitford, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Plato's Apology of Socrates, Crito, and Phædo, from the text of Bekker, by C. S. Standford, A.M. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Six Discourses on the Nature and Influence of Faith, by the Rev. William Burgh, A.B. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Journal of the Heart, by Lady Charlotte Bury, 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Cabinet, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Beeson's Life of Fletcher, 16th edit. 12mo. 5s.—Fugate's Specimens of Gothic Architecture, 114 plates, 2 vols. 4to. 47s. 4s.—Journal of a Residence in China, from 1830 to 1833, by David Abeel, with Introductory Essay, by the Rev. B. W. Noel, 12mo. 6s.—Observations on Italy, by the late John Bell, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Gilbart's History of Banking, 2nd edit. 8vo. 9s.—A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape Vine on Open Walls, by Clement Hoare, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Sphinx Incrumenta; or, 213 Original Enigmas and Charades, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Auldjo's Journal of a Visit to Constantinople, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Winter Leaves, &c. 4s.—Select Library, Vol. X. (Carné's Missionaries, Vol. III.) 6s.—Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke and of his Times, by George Wingrove Cooke, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Sketch of the Life of Thomas Singularity, Journeyman Printer, by Jeremiah Hopkins, 12mo. 2s.—Lawson's Tables for the Purchasing of Estates, &c. 12mo. 7s.—Faust Papers, by W. H. Koller, &c. 3d. ed.—Whishaw's Synopsis of the Bar, post 8vo. 9s.—Light in Darkness, &c. 3s. 6d.—Familiar Lectures to Children, 18mo. 2s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent has drawn our attention to *The Observer* Newspaper of last Sunday, in which there appears a review of Captain Ross's work, taken, without acknowledgment, from the *Athenæum*. This is but too true, and we regret it, not for the trifling injury such miserable pilferings can do to the *Athenæum*, but for the disgrace they bring on the Periodical Press, as capable of such unworthy conduct. The attempt to conceal the fact, by the disguise of a few introductory words, only makes the offence the greater.

Erratum.—In Advertisement of *Repertory of Inventions*, last week, for 'Rodger's Improvement in Buttons,'—read, 'Rodger's Improvement in Anchors—Buttons,'—read, 'Rodger's Improvement in Anchors—Buttons.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELEMENTARY LECTURES IN CHEMISTRY.
PROFESSOR DANIELL will DELIVER
 HIS SECOND LECTURE OF A COURSE UPON VOLTA-
 ELECTRICITY, founded on the recent Researches and Discoveries
 of Dr. Faraday, on THURSDAY NEXT, at Three o'clock
 p.m.
GEOLOGY.—Professor PHILLIPS will COMMENCE his
 COURSE OF LECTURES on MONDAY, the 11th instant, at
 Three o'clock p.m. and there will be continued every
 subsequent Wednesday and Monday, at the same hour. Fee 1*l.* 1*s.*
POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Professor JONES will DELIVER
 the FIRST of a SHORT COURSE OF LECTURES on "The Out-
 lines of the Political Economy of Nations," on FRIDAY the 15th
 instant, at Four o'clock p.m. The Lectures will be continued
 every succeeding Friday, at the same hour. Fee 1*l.* 1*s.*
 May 2, 1855. W. OTTER, Esq., Principal,
 King's College, London.

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